

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Stone mask in the theatre at Ostia (see page 278)

C. Brunel

In this number:

The Real Lesson of Crichel Down (C. J. Hamson)  
The Powers of Congressional Inquiry (T. I. Emerson)  
Driving While Under the Influence (R. M. Jackson)





16th Century German Engraving

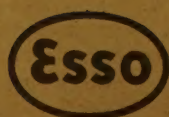
## I hold every man a debtor to his profession

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

Every man is a debtor to the world: to his parents; his schoolmaster; his friends and employers. He owes them his existence; his knowledge; his happiness and his daily bread.

To his profession, he has another debt: that due to generations past whose integrity and skill have given his calling the reputation it enjoys. To them he owes his status as a worker and a thinker.

'Profession' carries a wider meaning now than it did once; and professional status, in common talk, is extended to many functions in industry and commerce. But it is not won lightly; a long record of public responsibility, and private service, must come first. How can such a debt be repaid? Only by handing on still higher standards — and a higher status — than those of yesterday, to the makers of industry to-morrow.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited



# The Listener

Vol. LII. No. 1329

Thursday August 19 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Real Lesson of Crichel Down

By C. J. HAMSON

THE Crichel Down enquiry has raised many questions of importance: for example, the nature and extent of the responsibility of the Minister, his powers of control over civil servants within his department, the manner, if any, of disciplining a civil servant for misbehaviour, and also purely political matters such as government policy as regards retaining property acquired under emergency powers.

Such questions are, I am sure, of the utmost importance; but it is not with them that I wish to deal here. Indeed, I regret that they have ever emerged: because they obscure what I regard as the even more fundamental issue which is raised by the enquiry and upon which the whole of our attention should continue to be focused: namely, the desperate state in which the normal subject, the ordinary citizen, you and I, find ourselves today in England when confronted with the powers vested in a Minister, powers which actually are exercised by the delegate of the delegate of a delegate, or by a collective anonymity which has as little soul as it has human face. The capital revelation of the Crichel Down enquiry is how entirely defenceless the normal citizen is in England today against a Ministry acting within the ambit of its enormous powers: powers which give to a single Ministry a more arbitrary dominion over our liberties and our property than was ever claimed by any Stuart king.

The Crichel Down enquiry is also important, because it affords the public an unusual, indeed an unparalleled, insight into the manner in which a Department of State conducts its affairs. The report found that 'there was no trace in this case of anything in the nature of bribery, corruption, or personal dishonesty'. It would have been a good deal less disturbing if there had been some plain crime in the case: because the ordinary law of the land is still powerful enough to arraign before it for crime even civil servants acting in discharge

of their duties. It is much more disturbing to find that what happened in the Crichel Down case happened without crime or tort or breach of contract or any legal wrong for which there is redress, and that it happened in the ordinary course of government business. A sorry business it was.

I will not again rehearse the findings of the report; the report itself really must be read\*. It is to be read for the insight it affords into the conduct of affairs at a Ministry. What I think it is fair to say is that the report suggests that a group of officials, without dishonesty but upon information which was both false and insufficient, somehow or other, reached the decision, in the normal course of business, that they would like, and that it would be a good idea, to equip a model farm at Crichel Down; and the setting up of that farm thereupon became a matter of national interest and importance. Having reached their decision, consciously or unconsciously they joined together, as zealous members of an organisation do and should, to implement their decision, to forward the national interest, to get what they wanted to get; and as difficulty and opposition increased, they tended, as almost all men do tend in such circumstances, to show a little less and less scruple in their every action and word. The end has, after all, often served to justify the means, especially if the end is the national interest and the getting of what you want, if the end is the doing of what, without dishonesty but perhaps a little previously and a little hastily, you have decided to be right and good, for yourself, for the subject, and no doubt for agriculture also.

It would, in my opinion, be wrong to assume an air of moral superiority towards these officers, even though some of the means some of them adopted were not, in themselves, commendable. Indeed, I am confident they commend themselves as little to those officers as some of our own actions, done to forward a cause we had much at

\* H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. 3d.



heart, sometimes later commend themselves to our more dispassionate consideration—and normally we have not had the pain of having those actions dissected in public. It surely is wrong to treat these officers as outcasts and pariahs, unworthy of that Civil Service upon which we are apt to pride ourselves, not without cause.

I am convinced, for my own part, however much I admire the French *Conseil d'Etat*, that as an organisation the standard of moral rectitude in our Civil Service is higher than in theirs; but I believe that the officers appearing in the Crichel Down enquiry are perfectly normal representatives of our Civil Service, and the report of the committee appointed by the Prime Minister to consider their case confirms me in my belief. I very much disapprove of attacks upon them personally or indeed upon any civil servants as individual persons. Individually, civil servants in England are often, perhaps normally, persons of high moral character. But they have not acted as individuals, it is not as individuals that they have misbehaved. They have acted, they have exercised power, collectively. Their conduct is what might be expected of men, of honest men, working together even in an ordinary organisation. But their organisation is a Ministry vested with immense and arbitrary powers. They are persons whose decisions are normally not only not questionable but not even subject to inspection. They are the men who have seen the papers and know that they know, administering the ignorant multitude which does not know. They are the men charged with the duty of promoting the national interest, who suffer from no deficient sense of their own moral rectitude.

### What the Report Reveals

Surely their conduct as revealed in the report is just what must be expected of men, of honest men, in their position and in their circumstances. And certainly there is nothing in the report to suggest that the Crichel Down affair went off otherwise than in the normal course of the day's business. There is no suggestion, may I repeat, of bribery or corruption or personal dishonesty. What the report reveals seems to me a fair sample of the manner of conducting business in the Ministry of Agriculture and, as I would suspect, in many another government office. It is a personal misfortune of the highest order that particular named individuals should have been picked upon and exposed to the public gaze and required in their own persons to justify the accustomed way of things in their office. It is indeed for a civil servant in England an unparalleled catastrophe to be asked to open in public his confidential files and publicly to be examined thereupon: he has long become accustomed in any court of law to the complete protection of secrecy by way of privilege against discovery.

In a civilised society, if things are as wrong as the report shows them to have been in the case of Crichel Down and as I believe that they often are, there would have been, it might be supposed, some effective remedy capable of being promptly and normally exercised by the aggrieved person. That is not the position in England. What is most remarkable about the Crichel Down enquiry is that there ever was an enquiry at all. It required the initiative and energy, and the wealth and position of Commander Marten so to insist with the Minister—so to badger the Minister, if you will—that the Minister should even consider the possibility of holding an enquiry. An enquiry of the Crichel Down kind is not held except by the especial grace and favour of the Minister. There is in England no process, no machinery of any kind, by which a normal citizen can as of right bring before any court or any other impartial person an act done by a Ministry within its enormous departmental powers, not even if the act is as grossly misdone as was the Crichel Down affair. At most, a question may be asked in the House of Commons; and that only if the aggrieved citizen can, again as a matter of grace and favour, win the support of his local Member of Parliament. Parliament is overwhelmed with business; the Minister cannot be cross-examined in the House; and any normal civil servant has the ability and training required to furnish his Minister with a sufficiently bland and plausible answer to the question asked, if the aggrieved party does succeed in getting the question asked at all. The question is not entirely without effect, and since it is our only remedy today it should no doubt be cherished; but, in comparison with a proper enquiry by a court or an impartial person, it is a very poor instrument for getting at the truth. And at a question asked and answered the matter will stop, if it ever gets as far as that.

What is entirely exceptional in the case of Crichel Down is that by reason of the persistence of Commander Marten and his supporters, and also—may I add?—by reason of the courage of the Minister,

Sir Thomas Dugdale, the matter went beyond the question and an enquiry was finally permitted by the Minister. It did require courage to order an enquiry. The Minister is subject to the enormous pressure of his own department, that is to say of his own expert and confidential advisers, against holding an enquiry. The Minister is absolute, unfettered, and uncontrolled judge in his own cause, in the cause of his department, in the cause whether an enquiry is to be allowed into the alleged misdoings of his own department. And the civil servant will no doubt remind the Minister that the Minister is constitutionally responsible for his department's actions: if the department has misbehaved, the Minister is likely to go down with the civil servant upon public knowledge of the misbehaviour, and indeed, as in this case, to suffer more than the guilty servant himself. The constitutional responsibility of the Minister is a powerful shield to a department responsible only to the Minister, who is himself the sole judge of whether an enquiry should be held; it cannot be matter for surprise that the strongest protagonists of this ministerial responsibility to parliament are the civil servants themselves. And, moreover, odd as it may appear, even if an enquiry is held, the report is simply a private and confidential report to the Minister. It is a matter to be decided by him, in consultation no doubt with his advisers, what, if anything, is to be done with the report when he has received it. Sir Thomas Dugdale decided to publish the report: without that decision we would have known nothing about the matter. In all the hubbub about Crichel Down, and whatever may be his fate as Minister, we really must endeavour to remember how much we owe to Sir Thomas Dugdale's courage and sense of duty.

An enquiry of the Crichel Down kind is entirely exceptional: indeed, what parallel is publicly remembered? Does that mean that the kind of conduct revealed by the enquiry is also entirely exceptional, is really unparalleled in a government department? Can that really be believed? Is it really believed by anyone? The evidence seems to me overwhelmingly on the other side. The Crichel Down affair happened in the Ministry of Agriculture all in the course of the ordinary day's business. Has the Ministry of Agriculture never dealt with anything in the manner in which it dealt with Crichel Down? And is the Ministry of Agriculture so singular a body that it has no resemblance to any other government department?

If you do not believe that—and I do not—here is something primary and fundamental. If there are other Crichel Downs, if there are other humbler affairs, affecting persons less powerful than Commander Marten, which have been treated as the Crichel Down business was treated, but never can reach the public ear, it does not touch the matter much to sack Sir Thomas Dugdale—which seems to me unfair and unreasonable in any event; it does not help to shift some civil servant from one employment to another or to announce some new government policy about the use of land. What we, the subjects, want is infinitely simpler. We require a remedy. We require the redress of such of our grievances as may by impartial enquiry be found to be just. We demand the possibility of justice even against a government department acting within the ambit of its powers. It is of the bare possibility of this justice that there is today in England the gravest default.

### Ordinary Citizen versus Government Department

Is it utopian to believe in the possibility of this justice—in the possibility of the ordinary citizen arraigning before an impartial body the legitimate act of a government department and requiring the justification of that act before that body by the adduction of a sufficient and valid reason for that act? I say that it is not utopian. It is not utopian because it is actually and successfully done. It is the stock Civil Service answer that we, the ignorant subjects, misunderstand the nature of government and the necessity of discretionary powers if we think it possible to arraign before a court a minister or his department in respect of a ministerial act which is within the powers of the Minister. That is the stock civil service answer and, as an answer, it is false. It may be true that it would be difficult in such an instance to use the process of the High Court in England and especially perhaps its process of evidence. But it is not true that a Minister and his department cannot effectively and easily be arraigned before a court, provided that the court is qualified to deal with that kind of business and has as high a sense of the conditions of public administration as it has of the rights and liberties of the subject. It is not true because we have the living example in France of such a court, the *Conseil d'Etat statuant au contentieux*—a judicial committee of a Privy Council, if you will—



which, long established and in active operation, has kept this balance between the needs of government and the requirements of justice, with a success which is the admiration of all observers.

The Roman emperor invaded Britain to remove from the sight of the Gauls the disturbing spectacle of liberty across the Channel. Our governors today will need to mount an invasion of Gaul before they will persuade all of us to acquiesce in their dismal doctrine. The *Conseil d'Etat* is itself the creature of history, a special response to a special set of circumstances existing in France. It cannot as such be transported across the Channel. It will not as such fit into our circumstances and our traditions and prejudices. Its very existence is indeed an extraordinary accident: for it is itself a body of administrators who more than 100 years ago began to feel an awkward concern for the rights of that poor devil, *l'administré*, the subject, and who persisted in that concern, with the astonishing result that they became a court in which the subject gets justice, an ample and most effective justice, against the administration. The *Conseil d'Etat* cannot bodily be carried across the Channel; but it stands as a noble and a notable example, as a pledge of

the possibility of administrative justice, as a warrant that it is reasonable not to despair. What may in England be a true equivalent of the *Conseil d'Etat* is matter for argument and discussion. Personally I would welcome even a revived Star Chamber, with a jurisdiction limited to acts done by government officials in course of duty: Star Chamber did much good and would do more today. That may be arguable: what is not arguable is our need—the need of the ordinary citizen—for a remedy as effective against a government department as that ordinarily and normally enjoyed by a citizen of France.

It is upon the lack of that remedy in England that the Crichton Down affair throws so deadly a light. The provision of that remedy is the peremptory demand of our times, and the critical business of government, Liberal, Conservative, Labour: whatever its complexion may be. For we are committed, whatever the government, to a multitude of civil servants, and if ever there was a national interest it is surely in that interest that effective means be provided for easy and speedy redress against behaviour of the kind exhibited in the Crichton Down affair: redress for which there is in England no normal provision at all.

—Third Programme

## The Powers of Congressional Inquiry

By T. I. EMERSON

THE power of the United States Congress to conduct inquiries has been employed, broadly speaking, in two forms. In one form Congressional committees hold public hearings at which witnesses produce general information and argument relating to a concrete legislative proposal. The procedure here is roughly equivalent to that of a British Royal Commission. The other form may be called, for want of a more precise term, an investigation. Here the Congressional committee attempts to expose a particular situation and seeks to probe into alleged anti-social or criminal conduct of particular persons. It is this second type of inquiry—the investigation—which has become the subject of current controversy.

Until the last decade and a half Congressional investigations were mainly used for unearthing inefficiency or corruption in government or for bringing economic and social abuses to public attention. But recently they have taken a new direction. The past few years have been marked by a continuous series of Congressional investigations into political activities, associations and opinions. However one may assess the benefits of these investigations, one cannot ignore the fact that they have become an important force in restricting freedom of political expression. This development—together with the increased resources available to the committees, their expanding powers, the refinement of their techniques, and other factors—pose some critical questions for all those interested in the progress of democratic institutions. An understanding of these problems requires an examination of the specific powers available to Congressional committees and the conditions under which these powers are exercised.

The first question relates to the scope of Congressional inquiry. The American Constitution contains no express provision dealing with this matter. But the Supreme Court has held that the power of inquiry may be exercised by either house of Congress in aid of any function conferred upon it by the Constitution; and the power may be enforced through a contempt citation imposed either directly by the house making the inquiry or by criminal prosecution in the regular courts. The major function of Congress for which the power of inquiry may be employed is, of course, its right to enact legislation.

This power to investigate in aid of possible legislation has increased enormously as Federal power to legislate has expanded in the past several decades, particularly under the interstate commerce clause and the authority to spend public funds. Furthermore, the power of investigation would appear to extend some distance beyond the area subject to Federal law-making. Such an extended inquiry might be necessary for the very purpose of discovering where the boundary lies, or in order to gear Federal legislation into state or local systems of control, or perhaps even to explore the possibility of a constitutional amendment. In consequence, one is hard put to find an area of public life today which is not open to Congressional inquiry. With the exception of one early case, now obsolete, the Supreme Court has never in practice restricted the field of investigation on constitutional grounds.

Potentially, an important limitation might be found in the First Amendment to the Constitution. This provision forbids Congress, including its committees, to



A United States Congressional committee at work



abridge freedom of speech, press, assembly, or the right to petition for redress of grievances. The courts have construed it as protecting the entire field of political expression against government interference.

The problem remains, however, of determining the precise point at which the balance between power and limitation will be struck. Thus far the courts have drawn the line in favour of the investigating power. Lower court decisions have repeatedly held that the First Amendment does not prevent Congressional inquiries into membership or association of any kind with the Communist Party or with other groups alleged to be subversive of American institutions; nor does it forbid inquiry into other political activity or political opinions claimed to be subversive or un-American. The Supreme Court has refused review of these cases, thus leaving the lower court decisions in effect. It is still possible that narrow and precisely defined areas may be blocked out as within the protection of the First Amendment. But up to the present time the First Amendment has not constituted a restriction upon the current investigations.

### An 'Almost Unlimited Field'

An additional factor diminishes the effectiveness of judicial supervision over the scope of Congressional inquiry. A person called before a committee cannot refuse to answer and seek the protection of the courts without running the risk of imprisonment if in the end he fails to persuade the court to his view. In these circumstances it is a hardy witness who chooses to remain silent at his peril. Altogether, therefore, attempts to impose judicial limitations upon the scope of Congressional inquiry have proved unavailing. Both in theory and practice the Congressional committees have been free to operate in an almost unlimited field.

The next question involves the possibility of a perjury prosecution for alleged false testimony. The perjury sanction is undoubtedly essential to effective operation of an investigating committee and, on its face, may seem entirely reasonable. But in the realistic context of a Congressional investigation important problems emerge.

In the first place, by the use of a prosecution for alleged perjury a Congressional committee can, in effect, eliminate any statute of limitations. The purpose of a statute of limitations is to protect the accused against being called upon to disprove charges long after the event, when witnesses are dead or unavailable, memory has faded, and the evidence is otherwise obscured or difficult to obtain. But by calling a witness before it and questioning him about his past actions a Congressional committee can establish the basis for a perjury prosecution which will rest on the very issues banned by the statute of limitations.

A further difficulty arises out of the vagueness of many accusations made before Congressional committees and the inevitable obscurity of words and phrases which have been used as weapons in a bitter and often irrational political debate. The current prosecution of Professor Owen Lattimore for perjury illustrates the very real dangers involved. The major count in the indictment is that Professor Lattimore testified falsely when he stated that he was 'not a sympathiser or promoter of communism or communist interests'. The District Judge has dismissed this portion of the indictment and the Government has appealed. But if Professor Lattimore is forced to trial on this count every word or action of his past life can be probed in an effort to convince the jury that he was in fact a sympathiser of communism or communist interests, within the ever-widening meaning of these terms. It does not take much imagination to envisage the power a committee could wield if it can call any witness, ask if he is a sympathiser or promoter of communism or communist interests, and, if he answers No, force him into a criminal prosecution in which the issue will be determined by a jury.

An equally important problem for a witness involves lapses of memory. As any lawyer knows, it is an unusual person who can, in the course of a long and arduous cross-examination, remember with accuracy events occurring five, ten, or fifteen years before. The likelihood of avoiding error is even less where the witness is under the peculiar strain of testifying before a Congressional committee. Of course he can try to avoid obvious danger by answering, 'I don't remember', or, 'To the best of my recollection'. But here a serious problem of public relations confronts him, and in any event it is possible that he is mistaken concerning the very events about which he feels most certain. If a Congressional committee wishes to persist long enough it would be a rare witness who would not find himself caught in some error. And then, if the committee presses further, the witness is faced with a criminal prosecution in which he must prove that the error was inadvertent.

Other factors, such as the role played by professional informers, could be mentioned. But enough has been said to indicate that the perjury sanction has become a potent weapon in the arsenal of investigating committee powers and one that is increasingly employed.

The most severe restriction thus far placed upon the power of Congressional inquiry arises from the so-called privilege against self-incrimination, embodied in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. This provision states that no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself. It has been interpreted to mean that no government agency or officer can compel a person to give any information which might serve as a basis of a prosecution against him, or even as a link in a chain of evidence leading to such a prosecution. The courts have in many cases upheld the right of witnesses to refuse testimony before Congressional committees on this ground.

In the current investigations into alleged subversive or un-American activities the right to remain silent under protection of the Fifth Amendment is more generally available to witnesses than might at first be supposed. This is because the possible grounds for prosecution are, on the face of existing statutes, extremely broad. For instance, the Internal Security Act of 1950 makes it a crime, subject to a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment, for any person to conspire or agree to perform any act which would substantially contribute to the establishment of a communist dictatorship in the United States. Although no prosecutions have thus far taken place under this provision, and although its constitutionality remains untested, the sweep of its terms would afford the legal basis for a plea under the Fifth Amendment to a very high proportion of the witnesses called by the committees now investigating political activities.

Other factors, however, play an important part in the use of the Fifth Amendment. In the first place many witnesses, feeling strongly the rightness of their position, are unwilling to concede that any of their actions or opinions constituted a criminal offence or had been in any way contrary to the traditions of American democracy. Hence many witnesses who have sound technical reasons for invoking the Fifth Amendment refuse to do so.

More important, the effect of relying upon the Fifth Amendment is, as a practical matter, usually disastrous. In legal theory a plea of the Fifth Amendment cannot be taken as evidence of either guilt or innocence, and no unfavourable implications are to be drawn from its use. But public reaction, and indeed the inference publicly drawn by many of the committees themselves, is quite the opposite—that a plea under the Fifth Amendment is equivalent to an admission of guilt. The result is that witnesses invoking the plea are subject to severe economic and social sanctions. Thus reliance upon the Fifth Amendment usually means the loss of one's employment and frequently exile from one's profession.

In spite of the practical disadvantages of invoking the Fifth Amendment many witnesses elect to do so. Their reasons vary. Some undoubtedly accept its protection against the real possibility of prosecution. Others invoke it as a substitute for the First Amendment, or refuse to waive it because of the dangers of a perjury prosecution. Others adopt it as a sort of united front gesture toward those who have invoked it. Many employ it as the only defence against becoming an informer. These would be willing to testify regarding their own views or activities but, once having done that, would be held to have waived their rights under the Fifth Amendment and compelled to give testimony concerning others. They therefore rely upon the Fifth Amendment as the only recourse against being forced into the distasteful role of telling tales that would seriously jeopardise their friends and colleagues.

### Proposed New Legislation

Taken as a whole, the constitutional protection against self-incrimination has functioned as only a limited check upon the power of Congressional inquiry. It has foreclosed certain lines of investigation, but witnesses who rely upon it have in most instances paid a high price. Moreover, it is entirely possible that the plea will be largely eliminated by new legislation. Bills now pending would enable a committee, by granting immunity against criminal prosecution except for perjury, to compel a witness to answer all questions. If valid, the contemplated legislation would give the committees virtually a free hand as far as the Fifth Amendment is concerned.

Other important issues concern the procedures employed by Congressional committees. Inquiries of the type here under consideration bear a close resemblance to criminal trials. Charges of improper conduct against specific individuals are made or implied; open hearings, highly



publicised, are held at which damaging testimony is produced; the committee issues findings, inferences and conclusions which amount to a verdict of guilt or innocence. Severe sanctions follow an adverse report.

In Anglo-American tradition an individual compelled to defend himself in such a proceeding, instigated by an official agency and backed by the overwhelming resources and prestige of the state, has been able to invoke time-honoured procedural safeguards for his protection. He has the right to be informed of definite and specific charges, to have the assistance of legal counsel, to present a full defence, to cross-examine witnesses against him, to have the facts produced under careful rules of evidence, to require the Government to sustain the burden of proof, to have the decision made by an impartial judge or jury, to appeal to a higher tribunal. In a Congressional investigation, however, there is no constitutional protection for any of these traditional rights. Neither the due process clause, nor the procedural requirements of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, apply to Congressional investigating procedure.

### No Advance Notice of Accusations

In practice Congressional committees have voluntarily accepted certain limiting procedures, and some committees have made substantial improvements in recent years. But, in general, there is nothing in existing procedures which affords the person or organisation under attack advance notice, or any specific indication, of the accusations about to be launched. Opportunity to make a statement in reply is frequently delayed, occasionally not afforded, and often closely circumscribed. The person attacked is not permitted to summon witnesses on his behalf and has no right to cross-examine hostile witnesses. Much hearsay and other evidence inadmissible in a court proceeding is received. For all practical purposes the burden of proving innocence rests upon the accused. A witness may generally bring counsel with him to the hearing, but counsel's function is limited to giving advice to the witness when requested. In these circumstances the possibility of making a full defence can scarcely be considered to meet the standards of fair procedure in an accusational process.

Moreover, it is not only the formal procedural rights which are lacking. The fact is that the whole spirit of an objective and impartial adjudication is lacking also. This is not necessarily a reflection upon the integrity of the committee members but is inherent in the nature of the undertaking. For the proceeding is, after all, an investigation, not a judicial determination. The drive of the committee and its staff is primarily to prove a case, not to decide between two opposing sides. The committee's report is not a mere allegation of charges but a final determination from which there is no recourse. Hence basic procedural infirmities are embedded in the roots of the investigating process itself.

Finally, to complete the picture, one must take into account the dynamics of Congressional investigations. On this, only a few observations can be made. No one who has watched Congressional investigating committees at work can doubt that, as a general rule, they employ their powers with great energy and skill. One or more members of the committee are likely to possess a real capacity for persistent and searching examination. Almost as an occupational characteristic, Congressmen have an ability for the turn of a phrase, a flair for the dramatic, an instinct for news-worthy invective. These natural capabilities of the committee members are usually buttressed by a large and experienced staff. Over the years committees and their staffs have steadily developed and refined the techniques of investigation and publicity. All in all, Congressional committees have displayed an unusual capacity for employing their powers and resources for the maximum effect.

On the other hand, the unwilling witness is often in a difficult position. The normal person is likely to be apprehensive when called to testify in ordinary court proceedings or before any government agency. His anxieties and fears are multiplied before a hostile Congressional committee. In a crowded hearing room, with photographers' bulbs flashing as he takes the witness chair, a battery of reporters with pencils poised, microphones before him carrying every word to a countless invisible audience, perhaps (unless he objects) television lights and cameras depicting every move, subject to long interrogation and constant interruption, he faces a group of inquisitors often not conspicuous for qualities of politeness or forbearance. In the background lurks a citation for contempt or a prosecution for perjury. Under such an ordeal even an experienced public performer finds himself under considerable strain, unable to make the best case for himself.

Again, one should consider the implications which flow from the

fact that an investigating committee must achieve its major result through the sanction of publicity. This requires that the committee consistently frame its proceedings and its findings in such a way as to obtain the greatest public effect. Conversely it means that the committee must stimulate public opinion in such a way as to make it most receptive to the committee's exposures. Such a process is not always conducive to restrained, rational, and tolerant discussion of public issues. Furthermore, Congressional investigations have always been, and probably necessarily will be, tinged with special interest or political partisanship. Most investigations have been initiated and pressed by interest groups for specific political ends. And service on a well-known investigating committee has become a recognised stepping-stone to political advancement. These factors necessarily create temptations toward bias and partisanship which have not always been resisted.

Again, Congressional investigations are not readily subject to control of the leadership or party majority. Thus the system tends to promote political adventurism and irresponsibility. The investigating committee often becomes an instrument for the expression of personal views, usually more militant and extreme than the prevailing mood of Congress. And the leadership or the majority can reap such benefits as accrue from the investigation without conceding responsibility for the methods employed.

In calling attention to these matters it is not meant to suggest that the power of Congressional inquiry has always been exerted without regard to national welfare or individual rights. On the contrary, many investigations have been conducted with the greatest concern for the public good and with care for the rules of fairness. The point is that there are inherent tendencies in the investigatory process which, if unchecked, lead toward an extreme and irresponsible use of the Congressional power.

These, then, are the powers and limits of Congressional inquiry. That the development of Congressional investigations along these lines presents a serious problem for American democracy would, I think, be generally conceded. Estimates of the extent of that problem, and opinions as to what should be done, naturally vary widely.

Few Americans would urge that Congressional investigations be abolished altogether. The institution has made important contributions and has deep roots in the political life of the nation. But a number of reforms have been proposed. Most important, it has been urged that the scope of Congressional investigation be kept within narrower and more precisely defined boundaries. Thus Congressional committees would have no power, in any circumstances, to investigate political opinions or beliefs. Power to investigate political activities would be limited to matters directly related to treason (in the American constitutional sense), espionage, the use of force or violence, corruption, or similar conduct. The right to invoke the privilege against self-incrimination under the Fifth Amendment would be left unimpaired.

In that area which remains open to committee investigation, various changes in procedure have been suggested. These include the giving of notice to persons about to be attacked before the committee, the right to make a statement before the committee in defence, the right to call a limited number of witnesses in support of such defence, the right to cross-examine (at least to a limited degree) adverse witnesses. Finally, suggestions have been made to assure greater control over the chairman and individual members of committees and sub-committees.

### Lack of Political Morality

These proposed reforms are of great importance. But no reform can be successful unless there is a realisation on the part of American political leadership that the conduct of an investigation involves a high obligation and responsibility. The powers at hand are so sweeping, and in the end so little subject to formal controls, that Congressional investigations can make their contribution without destroying democracy only if undertaken with a keen regard for the fundamental principles of moderation, rational discussion, and tolerance. The lack of this kind of political morality lies at the root of the present difficulties.

There has always been a strong tendency in the United States to rely upon judicial protection against infringement of political rights or unfair treatment of individual citizens. As the power of Congressional inquiry has developed, the dangers it presents can be overcome only in part, and probably in very small part, by resort to the courts for imposition of restraint. The restraint must come from the body politic as a whole. It must be found essentially in a clear insight into the dynamics of democratic process and a mature sense of political responsibility.—*Third Programme*



# Obstacles to Burma's Progress

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in south-east Asia

**I**N Rangoon, as in other cities of the east, the poor man's taxi is the bicycle trishaw: this consists of a bicycle pedalled by a man of wiry physique and a sidecar in which the passenger sits. The sidecar slows down the speed of the bicycle, makes it clumsy to manoeuvre, and even on occasions causes upsets and collisions. Without the sidecar, the bicycle would move more quickly and deftly. Circumstances, however, have decreed that they must go along together.

Burma herself is rather like that. There is an efficient two-wheeled machine and a hampering sidecar attachment. The two wheels that move Burma forward are, respectively, Buddhism and Pyidawtha—the plan for the building of a welfare state. The wheel that holds Burma back is internal unrest. Most other wheels in Burma are only cogs of these three.

Nine out of ten people in Burma are Buddhists; a surprising proportion are members of the clergy. Young men, whose longer-term aim may be an arts degree at Oxford or Columbia, esteem it a privilege and duty to don the orange robe for at least a short period in their life and to sally forth daily into the highways, begging for their food with a large black bowl. The Prime Minister, U Nu, has frequently said he wants to resign one day so as to have more time for his devotions. In the six and a half years since Burma regained her independence, U Nu has been the leading figure in what amounts to a Buddhist renaissance: old pagodas and monasteries have been restored, new ones have been built. In Rangoon, the Shwe Dagon pagoda, the largest Buddhist pagoda in the world, is the magnetic centre of a vast and increasing community of pilgrims. All over the Burmese country-side other smaller pagodas glitter with an attraction that is not due only to their gold-leaf facings.

The most concrete expression of what is, in the last analysis, a spiritual phenomenon has been the convocation near Rangoon of the sixth great Buddhist Council—the first four were held before the birth of Christ, and the fifth not until 1870. Some 2,500 learned men, working in teams of 500, are reciting their way through nearly 15,000 pages of the Buddhist scriptures: the intention is to produce a version which will not be tainted with vagueness or equivocality and which will not admit, even to the slightest degree, an erroneous interpretation. A good deal of the preliminary work of collation has been done in the five countries mainly concerned with the so-called 'little vehicle' branch

of Buddhism: Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Laos, and Cambodia.

Burma's second wheel, and I think one might fairly call it the driving wheel, is supplied by the Pyidawtha plan for a welfare state. Pyidawtha means something like 'lovely sacred land', which is the land the Burmese are setting out to make for themselves. The plan is to last in the first instance for eight years, and it has now been in operation for

two years. In purely human terms, the plan aims to raise *per capita* incomes so that people can live better than they did before the war, and considerably better than they have been living since the war. In national terms, it aims to increase the gross national product during the next few years by some ten per cent. over the pre-war figure.

In drawing up this plan, the Burmese authorities have been largely guided by surveys made by an American engineering company: this company has no connection with the United States Government, from which Burma no longer receives aid. I have spoken to

representatives of the company in Burma and to some of the Burmese Government officials concerned, and I asked them just how much chance the country has of fulfilling the many ambitious plans that are down on paper. The answer from both sources was substantially the same. These things can be done and they will be done, but here and

there the target dates may have to be changed. The greatest handicap, and no one makes any secret about this, is the shortage of trained men. The United Kingdom's industrial delegation to Burma earlier this year put it like this: 'In our opinion the greatest problem which Burma has to face is her limited availability of administrative, professional, technical, and managerial personnel'. Steps are being taken to remedy this, but the vacuum, in the field of trained labour, will take years to fill.

Nationalisation is the key-note of Pyidawtha planning; foreign interests in the main industries—timber, mining, oil—have been reduced or removed, and the Prime Minister has made it clear that his Government reserves the right to nationalise any enterprise at any time convenient to it—in fact, the high-water mark of nationalisation has, for the moment, been reached. The latest experiment has taken the form of a joint venture with the Burma Oil Company, aimed eventually at securing Burma's re-entry into the export market. In such matters, the modified Marxism on which Burmese Government policy bases



Symbolic of Burma today—bicycle trishaws in Rangoon



U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma



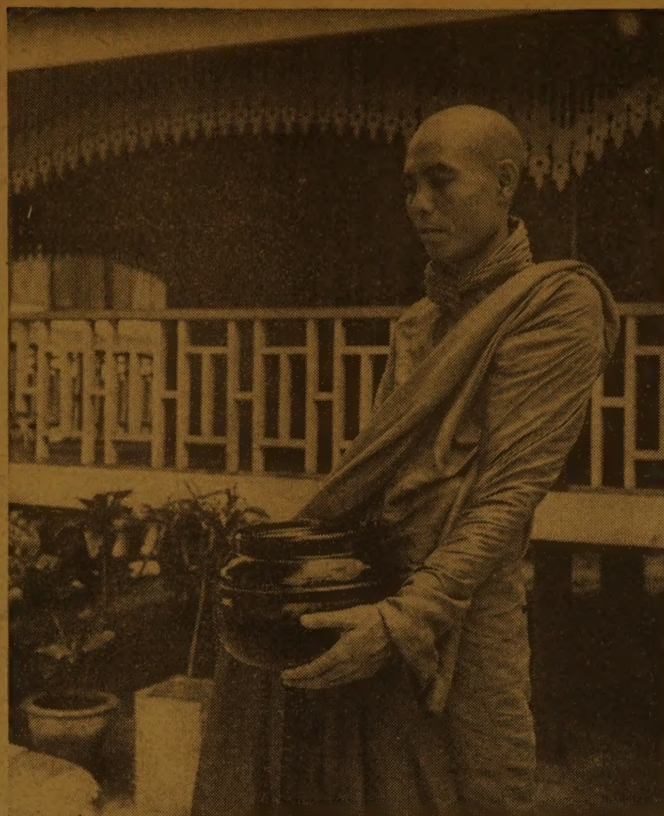
itself goes along amicably with Buddhism. 'I admit', said U Nu, speaking of land nationalisation some two years ago, 'that taking anything without the consent of its owner constitutes a sin under the Buddhist faith. But the real owners of the land are we, the Government, freely and gladly elected by the people'.

This nationalisation of land and its redistribution may yet prove to be the most decisive step taken by the A.F.P.F.L. (the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League) Government leaders in their fight against communism both internal and external. Although planned for many years, redistribution began only recently, and it began significantly in an area which had once been a communist stronghold. The intention is, in the words of the Minister who first introduced the measure into parliament, 'to put an end to landlordism in the Union of Burma and to usher in an era whose ultimate objective is collective farming'. The scheme applies to about one-third of the total farmland of Burma—land that once belonged either to absentee landlords, both Burmese and Indian, or to farmers with more than fifty acres. In future, fifty acres will be the maximum holding. Lands thus resumed to the state are redistributed as gifts to former tenants and farm labourers on the basis of one yoke per family. A yoke is a unit of land which can be worked by two bullocks. Its actual size may vary considerably according to the nature of the ground and the soil. As in other cases of nationalisation, former owners are paid compensation. This change of tenure is only a step in the whole farm programme. New owners are obliged to become members of co-operatives which will help them to get loans from an agricultural bank and to sell what they grow on a collective market. The farm programme has recently suffered a number of teething pains chiefly on account of peasants who have been avoiding repayment of their loans to the bank.

Buddhism and Pyidawtha: on those two wheels alone Burma would be moving along in splendid fashion. There is enthusiasm and a spirit of adventure; there is a genuine welcome and a feeling of friendliness for foreigners who are prepared to help. In the streets of Rangoon there is still shabbiness and dirt, but there are also smiles, plenty of full rice bowls, and cheroots for half the price of a newspaper. Over this scene, however, clouding the minds of pilgrims and planners, lies the shadow of civil unrest. This is the third wheel—the wheel that impedes Burma's swifter progress. Almost daily, newspapers in Rangoon print reports of clashes between government forces and their enemies. These clashes are sometimes small, involving a handful of men on each side. Sometimes they are big with several hundred men on each side.

I have said 'enemies' in the plural, not just enemy; there are seven altogether. Two are communist formations which have different leaderships and do not get on together. There are mutineers from the former People's Volunteer Organisation of war-time days; two nationalist rebel movements belonging respectively to the Karen and Mon peoples, who also inhabit Burma; the so-called Mujahib rebels in the Arakan district on the Pakistan frontier; and last, but by no means least, the remnants of Chinese Nationalist troops who crossed over into Burma after their defeat in the Chinese civil war. These enemies, not counting the Chinese Nationalists, number perhaps 6,000 in all. The Nationalist troops account for a further 5,500—there would be more than double this figure had not others been evacuated recently to Formosa via Thailand. Against them all, the Burmese Government disposes of some 60,000 armed officers and men, trained on British lines and equipped with British weapons.

It would take too long to say here why all these forces are still in insurrection against a Government that has been freely elected by the people and which strives continually for the improvement of social



Buddhist monk in Burma: 'Young men . . . esteem it a privilege and duty to don the orange robe for at least a short period in their lives, and to sally forth daily into the highways begging for their food with a large black bowl'

conditions. It may be that some of the insurgents have themselves forgotten their original motives; certainly they are now divided, both in ideas and organisation. That is why the Burmese Government is able to fight them successfully and why senior officials are able to say that the insurgent factor is dangerous only because it retards peaceful progress—not because it threatens the stability of the Government itself.

To some it may seem strange that a Government which is fighting communists can also welcome as its guest the leader of a neighbouring communist state, as the Burmese did when Chou En-lai, the Foreign Minister of the Chinese People's Republic, came to Rangoon recently. I asked a Burmese Minister about this; his answer was a direct one. He said, in effect, that Burma is not fighting communism as such; she is engaged in suppressing rebellion. If some of the rebels march under the name of communism, they must be suppressed too. Thus the local problem of communism has, in a sense, been isolated from its world context, but this is not to say that the Burmese did not ask Chou En-lai to exert pressure on the Burmese communists through the contacts which Peking has with them.

The visitor to Burma today is almost bound to come away with a feeling

of encouragement. The Government, consisting of able and comparatively young men, is firmly established. Social reconstruction and reform is not only in the air but on the drawing-board, and pushing down its foundations. A new impetus to the Buddhist faith moves side by side with religious tolerance for all, and the emergency situation, although it remains a drag, is under control. Shorn of this hampering sidecar, Burma may move forward in a manner to surprise the world.

—General Overseas Service

Miss Kathleen Hibberd is a teacher of wide experience and in her book, *Politics on the Blackboard* (Faber, 9s. 6d.), she gives some account of the various posts she has held at girls' schools, and in general of her efforts at teaching 'citizenship'. Her two main conclusions are that teaching in this field 'should be honest and the subject matter real' (i.e. it should deal with human motives and should be imaginatively applied); and that the traditional type of British school with its prefects and monitors and its *esprit de corps* fostered by a house system and organised games is not particularly suitable for girls and is a poor training for citizenship. The author speaks of what she knows and her views conveyed in this short and easily read book should stimulate interest in the political education of children, especially girls.

## Godfrey Adams: 1903-1954

WE RECORD WITH DEEP REGRET the death last week of Mr. Godfrey Dale Adams who joined the staff of the B.B.C. in 1926 and since 1945 has been Chief Assistant in the Home Service. Mr. Lindsay Wellington, Director of Home Sound Broadcasting, writes:

'Godfrey Adams spent almost twenty-eight years in the service of the B.B.C. For twenty of the twenty-eight he was, in one capacity or another, a planner of programmes for listeners in the British Isles. He sought no publicity, and his name was little known to listeners, but they owed much to his work on their behalf. He had a keen, enquiring mind and an active sympathy for other people's genuine enthusiasms and curiosities. The B.B.C. sets out to cater for the needs of many different audiences and Adams was untiring in his efforts to discover and fulfil those needs. He acquired great experience and great technical skill in his work and his colleagues will miss his help in the months and years to come. Many of them will miss more keenly still his wit, his intellectual curiosity, and his profound and lively interest both in the system of broadcasting which he had helped to create, and, above all, in broadcasting itself, with its vast range and its formidable power for good or ill'.



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

The British Labour Party delegation to China

ALL communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

## Holiday Musings

IF a number of people—to use a philosophically nondescript term—have been disappointed over their holidays this year, some consolation may be found in the contemplation of past holidays. But the question arises whether one should or should not attempt to enjoy the same holiday twice. Miss Mary Chubb, in a broadcast talk (from which we publish an extract on the opposite page), compares a holiday in Greece before the war with her recent experiences on a 'Hellenic tour' by ship and motor coach. The trouble about such comparisons is that the circumstances are always different; indeed one is often contrasting one's youth with one's middle age. To 'hike' round Italy or Greece at twenty with a mind liberally stocked with the latest classical learning, with a body capable of bearing the heaviest knapsacks, and a stomach to which Chianti or Resinata, Spartan lamb or heaps of spaghetti come alike, is one thing entirely; but later on one expects, or has grown used to, creature comforts: the occasional hard bed, the massed attack by mosquitoes, or a greasy soup are no longer obstacles that one can surmount in one's stride.

'It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive', says the proverb. In youth time is rarely an obsession, and the fortunate student with long vacations has only as a rival the schoolmaster in middle age. It is perfectly true that details of scenery, intimate glimpses of foreign ways of life, or amusing experiences (in retrospect) like missing the last train or taking a train in the wrong direction are not to be enjoyed by the traveller who takes part in a 'planned' holiday. Moreover, however carefully a holiday is planned, it is not always possible to find the most congenial of companions—though Miss Chubb evidently did so. On the other hand, friends have been transformed into enemies on a walking tour—so perhaps the question of society cuts both ways. And some travellers are sociable people (more so abroad usually than in this country), who find it more agreeable to be affable in a *pension* than to stare morosely across the pudding in an English hotel.

The choice between the organised and the spontaneous holiday, between roughing and resting, between sociability and intimacy, are problems that every individual has to resolve for himself. One factor at least is pretty certain—that unless one is incredibly wealthy it is difficult to insure against the weather, unless of course one goes to the Edinburgh Festival which, with its impressive programme of indoor entertainments, opens on Sunday. But the Isles of Greece in a mist, the Riviera in a mistral, Florence in a downpour are all a trial to any save the most buoyant spirits. Still, it is a change from home, and there is this comfort that home seems an infinitely pleasanter place if one returns to it with a broken ankle, a stung body, or a bout of influenza caused by habitual soakings. No doubt if it rains on an Ionian cruise, one can rally to the cabin and listen to a lecture on mythology or the glory that was Greece. But then even that might not be everybody's cup of tea.

THE VISIT of the British Labour Party delegation to China, and the Chinese Prime Minister's statement about liberating Formosa, coinciding with it, were among the main subjects discussed last week. Press comment quoted from the U.S.A. was extremely critical of Mr. Attlee's visit. The *New York Times*, expressing agreement with Mr. Hector McNeil's view that it was 'irresponsible and ill-timed', added that it would tend to disturb Anglo-American relations and give the Russians and Chinese some excellent propaganda material. The *Wall Street Journal* was quoted as saying that Americans might well wonder where this new boom in travel on the London-Moscow-Peking run would lead: 'It can hardly lead to an effective Anglo-American defence against Communism'. The *New York Daily News* was quoted as follows:

Britain has now adopted an all-out policy of 'mustn't be beastly to the Bolshies'. It is quite a spectacle, this sudden swap of love and kisses between Great Britain and Soviet Russia. The Kremlin is intriguing round the world to wreck what is left of the British Empire. . . . More than a few British fighting men were killed, wounded, or tortured by the Reds in the Korean war. . . . Unless we misread all the signs, Britain is playing the United States and Russia off against each other.

A Zagreb broadcast from Yugoslavia expressed the view that the Soviet leaders would no doubt exploit the delegation's visit for propaganda purposes. The visit was certainly played up in broadcasts from satellite countries as of 'great political importance', in particular as demonstrating the divergencies between British and American policy towards China. A Budapest broadcast in English stated:

It is about the most important positive move since the Geneva conference towards strengthening east-west relations and consolidating the gains of Geneva.

It was hoped, added the broadcast, that this 'good will mission' would lead to a reversal of the official British stand on China's admission to the U.N. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna noted that the delegates had been received in Moscow 'in a very friendly manner, just like representatives of a government'. The same radio described the visit to China as evidence of 'British realism' and growing opposition to U.S. Far Eastern policy.

A few days before the Chinese Prime Minister made his statement on Formosa, an article by Wu Chuan in *Jenmin Jih Pao* was transmitted from China, in which he addressed a 'warning to Mr. Dulles and those who think like him that they must be prepared for grave consequences if they interfere to prevent the Chinese peoples from liberating Taiwan (Formosa)'. Mr. Chou En-lai stated that China would brook no foreign interference over the task now facing the Government of taking 'determined action to liberate Formosa'. In a bitter attack on U.S. policy in the Far East, the Chinese Prime Minister accused the Americans of occupying Formosa, which was 'invulnerable Chinese territory'. China could neither tolerate it being under U.S. occupation or U.N. trusteeship. Accusing the U.S. of helping Chiang Kai-shek to carry out—under a shield of American naval and air forces—a harassing war against the Chinese mainland, Mr. Chou said it had therefore become necessary to shatter U.S. designs in the Far East. He further described the proposed south-east Asia defence bloc as an American scheme to undermine the Geneva agreement, and added:

If any of the nations concerned should join this American plan the implementation of the Indo-Chinese agreement might be disrupted. The defence bloc must be resolutely opposed.

Another defence arrangement to which the Communist world took exception was the Balkan alliance signed by Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia on August 9. Budapest radio described it as committing Yugoslavia to 'any future Nato action' and as being directed, among other things, against Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary. A Yugoslav broadcast in Rumanian pointed out that the alliance did not mean any change in the Yugoslav attitude to the Atlantic Pact. Another Yugoslav broadcast, quoting *Politika*, on the possibility of including Italy in the Balkan alliance, said that this would mean that Italy would be unable to take up all her obligations under the E.D.C. Moreover, because of her policy, Italy would be of no benefit to the Balkan Alliance.



# Did You Hear That?

## ALL THIS, AND HELLAS TOO

'EARLY THIS YEAR', said MARY CHUBB in a Home Service talk, 'I went to Greece with the first Hellenic tour to be organised since the war. We all collected at Victoria and were shepherded to the boat train. Here we met the professor who would lecture to us, and conduct us round the archaeological sites to be visited. He had a yellow pullover and a cheerful smile; and there was an odd feeling of 'back to school' mixed up with one's holiday mood.

'My other visits to Greece had been made more than twenty years ago. How would it seem after such a long time, and seen in such a different way? Would the magic still be at work, or was that perhaps an illusion of youth, growing even brighter as one looked back at it? I thought a good deal about those journeys, as we slipped down the Adriatic in a trim little blue and white Greek ship.

'I had first come to Athens in 1931 to do some walking with three archaeological friends, and we set off to walk round the Argolid, having reached the Peloponnese by train. We got out at a small station, its name swinging humbly under a station lamp—Mycenae. From Mycenae we dropped down to the Argive plain; we slogged on towards Tiryns and Nauplia on the coast. From there to Sophiko, and then back to Corinth.

'That walk in 1931 took us a week. In a week this spring our coaches not only covered much the same ground, but also took us right round, by way of Patras, to Olympia and back, through Delphi to Athens again. Here we were, this odd assortment of personalities, all different and yet all linked by the bond which for various reasons had induced us to come and discover what we could of Greece; shaken together like lottery tickets in a bag, as we bounced along the shore road to Corinth, behind a stout, taciturn, but immensely skilful driver. But, of course, all surviving Greek bus drivers are inspired; the ones that were not fell off a hairpin bend long ago.

'There were school-teachers, housewives, doctors; a woman who ran a youth club for little toughs in Edwardian suits; a left-wing journalist, in manner as hard-boiled as they come, yet one noticed that he nearly always seemed to have taken the worst seat in the coach; a retired soldier, brooding on Marathon; a wise and kindly canon; a brilliant schoolgirl on the threshold of Oxford; the head of a famous publishing firm; a tired old civil servant with a bad heart, radiant that her life's ambition of standing one day on the Acropolis had really come true: all sorts of people. The endless possibilities of discovery among so many new people would almost have been fascination enough, even if we had just been going for a drive through the Sahara—but as it was, it was a case of "All this, and Hellas too".'

## SWEDISH ENTHUSIASM FOR PAINTING

'Swedes certainly like paintings', said CLIFF HOLDEN in a Home Service talk. 'They look at them, they visit picture galleries as the public here goes to the cinema. And appreciation is not confined to the enlightened few, to the odd intellectual who wanders into a Bond Street gallery, but to all types of people who crowd into the galleries

so as to make viewing almost uncomfortable. The galleries, too, are not confined to the capital city. Even some small villages boast a gallery and an art club, and some painters claim to sell more in the smaller places.

'But the business of hanging pictures in galleries for people to look at and buy was only a very small part of Swedish art life. There are the clubs. The largest one has a membership of 200,000 and the club Stockholms Spårvagnars, the equivalent of our London Transport, has 4,000 members. And these clubs exist not to arrange holiday excursions, or to encourage the enjoyment and practice of amateur painting, but to help workers to purchase their own paintings for their own private enjoyment.

'What has brought about this great interest in the arts? I think part of the answer lies in the forty years of propaganda by a government that believes that the material welfare of its citizens is not enough, that a healthy state requires a flourishing art life. The King, too, sets a fine example by being one of the biggest patrons of the arts; he not only buys large numbers of paintings but gives stipends to students to enable them to study and travel abroad.

'In most Swedish houses or flats there are paintings, and in many the walls are completely covered. One of the largest hospitals in Stockholm has all the corridors, stairways, and many of the rooms filled with sculpture, murals, and paintings. They are not always good paintings, but at least they are made of paint and satisfy that famous aphorism by Maurice

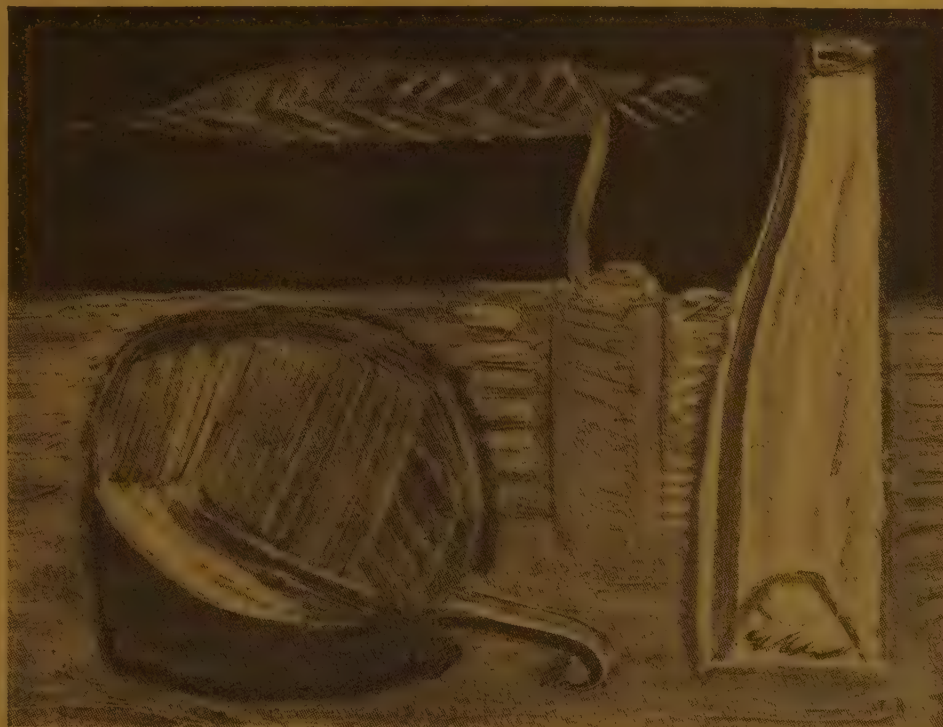
Denis which so well sums up the aspirations of all art movements from his day to ours: "Remember that a painting—before being a war horse, a naked woman, some anecdote, or what not—is essentially a flat surface covered with colours arranged in a certain order".'

## ELECTRICITY FROM THE SUN

In a United States laboratory, light from the sun is driving a tiny electric generator which, in turn, operates an electric clock. Scientists envisage much mightier generators for much mightier tasks, but working on the same principle of converting light into electrical energy. The principle has been evolved by the United States Air Force Research and Development Centre, near Dayton, Ohio, and DOUGLAS WILLIS, of the B.B.C. Washington staff, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The discovery', he said, 'was made by Air Force scientists working in one of twelve laboratories which lie alongside the 1,300 acres of the Wright Field in the Mad River Valley, ten miles east of Dayton, Ohio. It is the largest single installation of the Command and many of the more important discoveries in American aviation development have been made at this centre.

'One of the scientists responsible for the solar generator is an Air Force Colonel, who told me that they had stumbled on the generator by accident. They were interested in the properties of cadmium sulphide for other uses, but had found it impossible to convert it into crystals. They succeeded by vapourising the sulphide in a manner somewhat similar to that used to produce dry ice. When they had achieved



Oil painting by Torsten Renquist: 'Three Objects and a Feather'



this they soon discovered that it could be used to provide electric current from light. The Air Force is considering taking out patents and has received a great many enquiries from commercial organisations who are anxious to know more about it.

'At the moment the Air Force has not divulged more than a limited amount of information, owing to security regulations, and is still considering whether or not to prepare a fuller account of its researches for possible publication in scientific journals. Dr. Clemens, who is in charge of the physics research branch of the laboratory at Dayton, said that the device could be used to generate power at a remote air base where normal methods might be difficult to operate, or, in certain circumstances, could be developed to drive motor generators supplying electric power to a city. But Air Force scientists to whom I spoke felt that because of security and other factors it would be unwise for them at this time to predict the future of this solar generator'.

### THE HOUSE THAT PRINCE ALBERT BUILT

Next year the private apartments used by Queen Victoria at Osborne House in the Isle of Wight are to be opened to the public. ROLAND FOX, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about them in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Osborne House', he said, 'was for many years the principal country resort—the dream-house, one could call it—of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The Prince Consort himself designed it and the cost was met from the Queen's private fortune. The official guide book says it was built more for comfort and convenience than for architectural effect. And no doubt, by Victorian standards, that was fair comment. Certainly, the emerald setting with the shimmering Solent in the distance justifies Queen Victoria's own idea of this as a paradise.

'The house was presented to the nation by King Edward VII fifty years ago. It is used partly as a convalescent home and most of the remainder, including the state rooms, is open to the public. But the private rooms on the first floor of the pavilion wing have remained closed since Queen Victoria died there in 1901. They are just as they were when they were originally occupied except for the addition in the bedroom of an altar, an inscription, and a screened water-colour painting of the Queen in her last sleep. These give the bedroom a memorial status, but otherwise the room is as it was; a modest size, dominated by the carved, canopied bed. The green walls are largely hidden by some magnificent paintings; the windows are framed by fading curtains. And from them is a peaceful view of rose gardens and fountains.

'One of the doors of a vast wardrobe proves, in fact, to be a connecting door to the Queen's dressing room, the pink room of the suite, which contains many artistic and valuable possessions of a then fashionable style, including, on the dressing table, an elaborately fashioned toilet service with the mirror ornamented by white porcelain angels. This was a gift from the Prince Consort to the Queen. Indeed, many of the lovely things to be seen in the apartments were gifts from one to the other. The doors of what appear to be a cupboard in fact give access to a bath equipped with hand cords and a shower.

'The largest room in the suite is the sitting room, with huge bow windows looking across spacious lawns and woods of oak and Lebanon cedar sweeping down to the water's edge. Here is expressed the personality of the Queen and the tastes of her age. There are paintings and miniatures and books; an unusually designed piano; a rare and very beautiful musical box; a spinning wheel; an embroidered screen; a portrait of Disraeli, and a host of knick-knacks.

'Prince Albert's dressing and writing room adjoining is a blue room. A harmonium stands in one corner; his walking sticks and umbrella still occupy a rack in another. The room contains a large number of unusual mementos—white marble casts of hands and feet of many members of the Royal Family in infancy. On the table is a blotter containing Post Office telegraph forms of the day, and a bound volume of newspaper cuttings describing the Queen's Jubilee. A tiny room off this contains a bath and shower, shut away in a cupboard as in the Queen's dressing room. The apartments and their contents represent an enchanting era, and they will be a welcome and fascinating centre of national interest'.

### AN AQUARIUM IN PARIS

'One day, in 1934, I met a dark-looking gentleman, Herr Joseph Eal, who told me an extraordinary story', said FRED UHLMAN in a Home Service talk. 'The French were known to be extremely fond of all kinds of animals, especially cats, dogs and parrots. Why not interest them in something as new and delightful as tropical fishes? Was not every Frenchman a born angler and would not an aquarium in his home remind him of wonderful days spent on the Seine?

'In two or three months Herr Eal could teach me everything concerning that extraordinary trade. It was all most astonishing and entirely new to me, and I felt in some way rather ashamed that I had passed so many years of my life without knowing that something of such apparent economical importance and unlimited possibilities could go on around me. But any doubts I held about the venture disappeared when I visited the great department store, La Samaritaine. It was really the most beautiful sight, dozens of illuminated aquariums full of tropical fishes, and hundreds of grown-up Parisians and children standing around not knowing what to admire most, the fishes in that particular room, or the monkeys, dogs, parrots, and storks next door.

'All these, but especially Herr Eal's psychological masterstroke with which he hooked me, decided the issue. He promised me a certain amount of personal liberty in which to write or paint, and as a result "La Société à Responsabilité Limitée Aquatropica" was registered, Herr Eal and I being the only partners.

'We found suitable rooms in a small concrete-built factory high over Paris not far from the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Suicide (free advice Monday and Saturday 10-12). We started by installing only twenty aquariums, but soon more and more were added until at last all available space was taken up and eventually we had between 250 and 300. There were fifty small aquariums, each containing one single fish, the so-called "bottle-fishes". On one side of our premises were half-a-dozen big aquariums each containing some thousand beautiful fish, silver, with black stripes. In some hundred aquariums in the centre of the building were housed the more common varieties.

'All this was most interesting and I must say Herr Eal knew his job. One day I saw him taking out of the aquarium a rather big, fat fish, who suffered, as far as I remember, from constipation. Herr Eal gave him what he called a "massage". And afterwards the fish felt much better. Some of Herr Eal's knowledge seemed to me almost miraculous. How on earth could he, for instance, know that some fish of a certain species would mate much better if a white plate with a golden rim was placed in the aquarium? Why had it to be white, and not red or blue? Why the golden rim? And why—why did that make the couple so much more amorous and passionate?'



Queen Victoria's dressing room at Osborne House



# The Risks of Convertibility

By SIR DONALD MacDOUGALL

**T**HERE has been a good deal of talk on this subject recently, and one or two speakers on the Third Programme have pressed for an early return to convertibility. I am deliberately going to put the other point of view and make a plea for great caution in this important matter.

But, first, what is convertibility? It can mean many different things, but essentially it means that people with pounds are free to convert them into other currencies. Already people with pounds can convert them fairly freely into most other currencies, but not nearly so freely into dollars. So when we discuss convertibility today, we are usually talking about giving similar freedom for people to convert their pounds into dollars.

## Sterling Area Restrictions

There are two groups of people who would like this freedom: first, those living in Britain and the rest of the sterling area (which is roughly the Commonwealth without Canada); and, secondly, foreigners living outside the sterling area. The British Government's idea of the next step towards convertibility seems to be to give these foreigners the right to change their pounds into dollars. But once we do this, I doubt whether we can hold for long the severe restrictions now imposed on people living in the sterling area. After all, if we allow foreigners with sterling to draw freely on our pool of gold and dollars in London, then why, it will be asked, should an Australian, a Briton, an Indian or a Nigerian not be allowed to draw on them freely, as well, if he wants to use his sterling to buy dollar manufactures or Canadian newsprint, or to visit a friend in the United States, or to emigrate to Canada and take his savings with him? Should not charity begin at home?

So I think the issue is really whether we can afford to give a great deal more freedom both to foreigners and to British people here and throughout the sterling Commonwealth. And, incidentally, once you give all these people greater freedom to convert pounds into dollars in the ordinary course of trade, it will be much more difficult to stop them doing the same thing when they want to take their capital out of the sterling area and hold it in dollars instead.

Are we strong enough to give all this extra freedom? It is true that for some time now the newspapers have reported an increase in our gold and dollar reserves in most months. That is very satisfactory. It means that the sterling area has been paying out to the rest of the world less than it has been receiving, and the difference has gone into our reserves. But what the newspapers do not usually tell us is that this margin between receipts and expenditure has been very small, actually a mere two or three per cent. of the sterling area's transactions with the rest of the world. The sterling area has been rather like a man getting, say, 102s. a week and paying out 98s. That is better than spending more than he is earning, but I think you will agree that he would be ill advised to embark on big new commitments; for there would be precious little margin if anything went wrong—if he had even a short illness and both lost wages and incurred extra expenditure.

And that is the sort of thing that can easily happen to the sterling area in this uncertain world. Only a few years ago—in 1950 and early 1951—we were increasing our reserves much more quickly than we have done recently: the margin was perhaps six per cent. of our turnover; and within a few months the position was reversed and we were in the middle of another dollar crisis, losing half our reserves in six months. So we have to think very carefully before launching out on big new commitments like convertibility. It is not as though we had large reserves to tide us over a difficult patch. Our reserves today are little more than one-third of what they were in 1937, allowing for the rise in prices; and they are well under one-third of the money we owe to other countries that can in principle be withdrawn at short notice—the famous sterling balances. Before the war our reserves were equal to 100 per cent. of these short-term liabilities.

It has been suggested that we might fortify our reserves by obtaining dollar credits from the American Federal Reserve System or from the International Monetary Fund. But I doubt whether we could get

nearly enough. Even if we could, I should personally be reluctant to add still further to our burden of overseas debt; we already owe the huge sum of £6,000,000,000 to other countries. Moreover, any credits we obtained would probably be for short periods only; and every time they had to be renewed we should have to submit to an embarrassing inquisition into our domestic policy by the Americans or by the many nations that belong to the International Monetary Fund.

It is also claimed by some that we can do without large reserves if we resort to a flexible rate of exchange between the pound and the dollar. If there is pressure on the pound we can then simply refuse to pay out gold or dollars and let the rate take the strain. This sounds almost too good to be true. And it may well be. One of the many snags that advocates of a flexible rate forget is that when the dollar value of the pound falls, we get a lower dollar price for our exports, so that our dollar gap may widen rather than narrow, at least in the short run. This is a complicated matter, and I cannot go into it here, but I am sure it is an illusion to think that there is any financial trick, such as a flexible rate of exchange, which can get round the need for large reserves before it is safe to make the pound convertible.

Last time we tried giving convertibility to foreigners—in 1947—there was a tremendous rush to turn pounds into dollars, of which there was a great shortage. We ran through our dollars at an alarming rate and were forced to beat an ignominious retreat, and make the pound inconvertible again five weeks later. We do not want a repetition of that. We are much stronger now than we were then, but I really doubt whether we are strong enough yet to try it again.

Another thing that happened in 1947 was this. Foreign countries realised that, if they cut their imports from Britain and the sterling area, they could earn a surplus of sterling in trade with us and then convert this sterling into precious dollars which they could spend in America. In other words, convertibility gave countries a big incentive to cut trade. This is a point not mentioned by a recent speaker on the Third Programme—Mr. Falk—who said 'there is general agreement that the convertibility of currencies helps to promote international trade'. This is unfortunately not always true. As long as there is a dollar shortage, countries have an almost irresistible temptation to cut their imports from a country whose currency is convertible. Imagine a French government desperately short of dollars wondering whether to let Frenchmen buy Scotch whisky or English cars. If the pound is not convertible, and they have some sterling, they might as well spend it. But if the pound is convertible, and they forbid the purchase of these British goods, they can turn their pounds into precious dollars.

## Is the Dollar Shortage Overcome?

The British Government is doing what it can, in co-operation with the continental countries in particular, to see that this sort of thing will not happen if and when the pound is made convertible. And if there is no shortage of dollars, all may be well. But if there is a dollar shortage, it is going to be very difficult, with the best will in the world, to stop it. So, before we go convertible, it is necessary to make sure not only that Britain and the sterling area are strong and solvent, and can take the strain, but also that the world dollar shortage is overcome for good.

Is it? There is certainly far less shortage of dollars now than there was in 1947. Indeed, for some time now, the world has actually been running a surplus with the United States and so earning gold and dollars from her. But here again the margin is very small indeed—recently it has been only about three per cent. of the world's transactions with America; and so the position could be quickly reversed.

The world's dollar balance is also precarious because it depends on two artificial props. To begin with, there are the restrictions still imposed on American goods. For example, half of Britain's dollar imports are still restricted, and many things are virtually prohibited, such as the purchase of American cars and pleasure travel in the U.S.A. The other precarious prop is the vast expenditure by the U.S. Government in the rest of the world, amounting to no less than



\$4 billion a year (and I am not counting a further \$3 billion a year of military supplies which the Americans are giving free to their allies). This \$4 billion consists first of straight grants to other countries—which the Randall Commission recently recommended should be brought to an end—and secondly of U.S. military expenditure abroad, which contains a good deal of concealed aid, as, for example, when the Americans buy aircraft made in Britain and then hand them over to the R.A.F. Western Europe is now actually getting more dollars in these ways—which are very much subject to the whims of Congress—than she is earning from ordinary commercial exports of merchandise to the United States.

For all these reasons, I feel that the present apparent balance between America and the rest of the world is a precarious one. The dollar gap may seem to be closed for the time being, but it is too soon to say that it will not open again. If sterling and other currencies were made convertible, and we then ran into another dollar shortage, the results could be serious. Many people would try to convert their money into dollars, and the countries of Europe and the rest of the non-dollar world might soon start a beggar-my-neighbour cutting of their mutual trade in the vain attempt to earn dollars from each other.

If convertibility meant that we had all given up import restrictions and agreed not to put them on again, the results might be even more serious. As one country after another ran into difficulties and found their reserves running out, they would be forced to adopt drastic internal policies—higher taxes, tight credit, cuts in government expenditure, and the like. In effect, they would have to try to balance their trade by making their own people so poor that they could not afford so many dollar goods. But this would mean a big drop in demand for non-dollar goods as well and so a downward spiral in production and trade—and rising unemployment—throughout the non-dollar world.

You may say that I am exaggerating the danger. But I think you will at least agree that, if the major nations of western Europe go in for convertibility and all it stands for, they will have to make the maintenance of convertibility objective number one of their economic policy. This is likely to require a cautious internal policy. If they are lucky, it may not lead to heavy unemployment but it might well mean economic stagnation or, at best, a slower rate of economic expansion than would otherwise be possible. This would be a serious thing while the Soviet countries are expanding their production at a rapid rate. The western countries must do everything they can to keep pace, both for reasons of military power and so that we can help to raise standards of living in the poorer countries of the world and show that there is a democratic alternative to communism.

So you see that this apparently technical question of convertibility may have big political implications. It is true that the western alliance would be strengthened if we could abolish the restrictions we still have to impose on trade and payments with the United States and Canada. But this desirable result would be too dearly bought if it slowed down economic expansion in Europe or, worse, led to financial

crises and unemployment. That would be a major setback in the Cold War.

I have tried to describe some of the risks of convertibility. They might, of course, be worth running if the benefits were sufficiently great. But I do not think they are. What are these benefits? First, it is said that convertibility will make people in other countries more willing to hold sterling. But they are already holding it in large quantities and I doubt whether convertibility would really make them hold much more; indeed, some might well take the opportunity of getting out of pounds and into dollars. In any case, the advantages of foreigners holding sterling are not so entirely obvious; for we usually have to pay them interest on the money they are in fact lending to us, and keep an additional backing of gold on which we earn no interest—in case there is a run on the bank.

Then it is said that convertibility will encourage foreigners to do their trade in sterling and that the earnings of our merchants, insurers, and others in the City of London will benefit. But already a large part of world trade is conducted in sterling, and we have recently given this a good deal of encouragement—short of convertibility: we have reopened many of our great commodity markets, and we have given freedom to nearly all non-dollar countries to transfer their sterling from one to another. So I doubt whether convertibility would make so very much difference to the earnings of the City, which in any case are only a tiny fraction of our balance of payments with other countries.

Finally, it is said that convertibility will mean greater freedom of trade. But I tried to explain earlier that, if things went wrong, it could lead to restriction of trade. And do not forget that, by moving cautiously, we have already progressed quite a long way towards freer trade and payments. I have just mentioned two of the steps we have taken. In addition, we have helped to build a system of comparatively free trade and payments through western Europe and the sterling area—a very large part of the trading world. And we have freed one-half of our dollar imports.

Now that we have gone so far, and things seem to be going so well, it is perhaps tempting to make a final dash for freedom and finish the job. But, much as I value the benefits of free trade and payments if the conditions are right, I think this would be extremely imprudent. For until we are stronger, and more confident than we can be today that the dollar problem is finally solved, the risks are great; and the benefits that would accrue are, by comparison, small. In other words, the game is not yet worth the candle.

In conclusion, may I make it clear that I am not in favour of attempts to build up a great non-dollar bloc of countries—say, the sterling area and western Europe—that would try as far as possible to isolate themselves from North America. I think this would be impracticable and dangerous, both economically and politically. I want the greatest possible freedom of trade with the United States and Canada. But we may get this sooner if we approach it slowly and cautiously. If we rush into convertibility before we are really ready for it, and the whole thing fails, that may set us back for a long time to come.

—Third Programme

## Houses in a Port of Ancient Rome

RUSSELL MEIGGS on the varied dwellings of Ostia

**I**N July 1925 I had just finished four exciting and fairly irresponsible years as an undergraduate at Oxford. In October (for reasons which I need not go into now) I was a somewhat frightened young man at Rome in search of a subject with which to justify my tenure of a scholarship. I was advised to consult Dr. Thomas Ashby who, from long years spent in Rome, had a unique knowledge of the problems that needed attention. Dr. Ashby was a man with a very kind heart but a very brusque manner. Without any hesitation he suggested, or rather commanded, that I should investigate the Roman house, beginning in Italy. I would need later to go to Africa, Spain, and France, but I should start by comparing the houses of Ostia, the ancient port of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber and Pompeii. I was far too nervous to tell him that I was completely incompetent to take on such a subject, so I decided that I would first have a look at the

Ostian houses, to see whether I could find from them a more limited subject within my reach.

The houses of Ostia have by now found their way into histories of architecture and handbooks of Roman antiquities. In 1925 they were still comparatively little known, but when they had been discovered they had opened a new chapter in the study of Roman life. Previously the Pompeian house had been generally regarded as the typical Roman house. Though no two houses at Pompeii are precisely similar, most of them have a common basic character. The central focus and source of light is the atrium, and the living rooms open from all four sides of this central hall which is lighted from above. Later a peristyle, or garden court, was added behind, round which was built a second series of rooms. The house looks inward towards the atrium rather than outward to the street: it is extravagant in its use of ground space. Upper



floors are little better than attics, for the height of the house is limited by the need of drawing light from the atrium.

But the houses I saw in Ostia in 1925 were completely different in form and spirit. Instead of a series of independent houses I saw what had once been tall blocks, sometimes divided in very modern fashion into flats. These Ostian houses looked outward to the street and their facades showed a liberal display of large windows. There was no atrium, no peristyle, though sometimes the light drawn from the street was supplemented by an open inner court. In some cases two storeys could still be seen with remains of a third; there seemed every reason to believe that they had originally been of three, four, and even five storeys. There was nothing like them to be seen at Pompeii; but Vitruvius, Juvenal, and Martial describing conditions in Rome during the Empire might have led us to expect them. The Romans had a name for them, *insulae*, distinct from the independent house, the *domus*. As I studied them I became increasingly interested in their social significance. What social and economic changes did this house-type reflect? To answer this question I had to embark on the general history and social development of Ostia.

So much for my 'more limited' subject. Thirteen years later, in 1938, I felt that I was beginning to feel at home with the people; yet even then my picture was very fragmentary. Only one-third of the town had been excavated, and that third was mainly concentrated in the area most important for the city's trade, between the main street and the river where the ships unloaded. And the buildings to be seen dated mainly from the second century A.D. In the excavated area there were few independent houses to be seen; if they had existed earlier they had given place to apartment blocks, but the earlier house-type would remain a mystery until excavation could be extended below the imperial level. Nor was it then easy to say what later changes, if any, were introduced. None of the apartment blocks were later than the second century and few of them showed signs of late restoration. Since there was also little sign of late work in the granaries and warehouses it seemed that Ostia had begun to decline in the third century and never recovered. This was not a surprising conclusion; for as the economic strength of the Roman Empire grew weaker it was natural that the volume of imports



Remains of *insulae* or apartment blocks in Ostia, with shops on the ground floor. Some of the buildings originally rose to a height of four or five storeys

nothing very strange in the Ostian houses. Beneath the imperial level have been found a large number of houses centred on atrium and peristyle, very like those of Pompeii. A few of them survived into the late Empire and were adapted to changing tastes; most of them were pulled down in the late first or second century A.D., to be replaced

by public buildings or apartment blocks. The remains of these early houses are therefore scanty, but in many cases we can see the whole ground plan. Some of them were extremely large; others were very small indeed, with no peristyle.

But in addition to these Pompeian-style houses there was already another type at Ostia, in which small living rooms were built over a row of shops lining the street. A few examples of this type are found at Pompeii, where it seems to have been introduced from Rome when Sulla, in 80 B.C., established a Roman colony as a punishment for the town's revolt; whereas at Ostia, always strongly influenced by Roman building methods, the type was more common, and is the forerunner of the later tall house blocks. The sharp con-



Warehouses at Ostia, dating from the time when the city was the port of Rome and a centre of commerce

should decline. And since, owing to the increasing silting up at the river mouth, a new artificial harbour had been built by Claudius and Trajan two miles to the north, it was natural that the reduced flow of shipping and the business connected with it should be concentrated in the new harbour.

But there remained over these inferences a very large question-mark. Was the area excavated typical of the whole town? Would we find a different type of house in the more residential areas, and should we there see a less depressing picture of Ostia in the third and fourth centuries? These questions have received an unexpectedly early answer. For in 1938 the Italian authorities decided to excavate as much as was practicable of Ostia in preparation for an international exhibition which was to have been held in 1942. By 1943 the excavated area had been doubled to roughly 100 acres, and in the following years digging was extended to the lower levels to trace the outline of the town's early history. The buildings and inscriptions that have now been recovered enable us, at last, to get a balanced picture of the social and economic changes in Ostia from the late Republic to the late Empire.

It can now be seen that a Pompeian visiting his aunt at Ostia in the time of Caesar or Augustus would have found



trast in space and elegance in these early Ostian houses suggests a considerable gap between the rich and the poor. And when we turn to our inscriptions we find some confirmation. From tombstones and public records we know the names of many of the town's chief magistrates and the number of times that they held office. The most striking feature of the late Republic and early Empire is the dominance of a few families. A certain Caius Cartilius Poplicola, for example, was *duovir* (as the chief office in the town was called) for no less than eight years. We happen to know that he also dedicated a handsome statue in the temple of Hercules; and in a conspicuous site near the sea coast we can still see the monumental tomb with which he was publicly honoured when he died. Between the years A.D. 6 and 36 the name Aulus Egrilius Rufus appears seven times as *duovir* in the town records; and there are many similar cases. So from the nature of the houses and from inscriptions we conclude that Ostia was dominated in the late Republic and early Empire by a comparatively small ring of families.

The first half of the second century A.D. shows a complete contrast. Under Trajan and Hadrian Ostia was virtually rebuilt, and it is this second-century town that the visitor now sees. Most of the Pompeian-style houses, designed for single families, were pulled down to be replaced by large *insulae* providing living quarters for many families. These new blocks, we now find, were not limited to the main trading and commercial quarters of the town; they are the dominating feature of all the new building. Beside them the independent family home (the *domus*) becomes inconspicuous, virtually disappears. The main reason for this change in housing is clear enough. It was the same basic reason that led to the skyscrapers of New York, the need for accommodating a large population in a restricted space. Ostia could not easily expand, for it was the Roman practice to site their main cemeteries immediately outside the town gates. When, therefore, increasing trade brought increasing prosperity and a rapid rise in population the natural solution was to build high.

Perhaps the most unexpected feature of these large Ostian house blocks is their respectability. From the complaints of Juvenal and Martial we should expect jerry-built walls, tiny rooms, poor lighting, no modern conveniences. But the Ostian blocks are solidly built and well lighted. Their sanitation is superior to anything that English builders provided for the middle and lower classes until well on in the nineteenth century. There are sometimes even lavatories on the upper floors and a network of pipes carries the waste down to the main drains running below the streets to the river. These blocks were not designed for the poor alone. Most of them are divided into flats of varying size, but twelve-room flats are by no means uncommon. Most of the floors are paved with black and white mosaics in geometric patterns; the walls are painted with figured scenes or landscapes on backgrounds normally of red, yellow, or white. The new architecture reflects not only an increase in population but a spreading of wealth and the rise of a substantial middle class on the profits of trade.

Again the social pattern is reflected in inscriptions. A few families from the earlier period survive in office and the Egrilius whom I mentioned earlier have risen from local politics to high positions in Rome, providing three Roman Consuls in the first half of the second century. But many of the old families seem to have died out. Most of the names of the chief magistrates are new and few men hold office more than once. Office as well as wealth is more widely spread, and there is an increasing proportion of newcomers to the town in the governing class. Some of these newcomers are traders attracted to Ostia from other parts of Italy or the provinces; many are descendants of former slaves who have won their freedom for good service and launched

their sons on a public career. The ex-slave when freed could not himself be appointed to the town council nor hold office; but by judiciously deploying his wealth he could pave the way for his family. M. Licinius Privatus is a good example. His statue was set up by the guild of Ostian builders in the public gardens behind the theatre to commemorate his services as president of the guild. On the base was recorded his career. He started life as a slave but won his freedom early. He began his free career as a humble clerk to the town council, joined the builders' guild, eventually rising to the presidency; later he became treasurer and president also of the bakers' guild (he may have invested some of his capital in a bakery). He made a bequest of 50,000 sesterces to the town funds and was in return allowed to sit in the special seats reserved for local dignitaries at the theatre. His sons became town councillors and acquired sufficient wealth to be Roman Knights, as did his grandsons.

The new pattern of Ostian social life is reflected in religious changes. In the late Republic and early Empire the most popular cults were the old-established cults of the Roman people (among them we know of temples of Jupiter, Vulcan, Castor and Pollux, Venus, and Hercules); there is very little trace of foreign influences. With Ostia's growing cosmopolitanism we find an increasing infiltration of oriental religions, notably the cults of Mithras, Isis, and Serapis, and Cybele the great Mother. Another sign of the times is the rise of the trade guilds. These guilds were associations of employers who developed a corporate social life and looked after the interests of their trade. There is little trace of them before the second century; but as a result of the economic boom they had large memberships and ample funds. They feasted in style, built guild houses, and even temples. In general they represent the flat dwellers in the tall blocks.

The earliest of the tall house-blocks that can still be seen date from the end of the first century—perhaps a little later; the last to be built date from the late second or early third century. In this respect the inference drawn from the earlier excavations has been confirmed. No new house blocks were built in the late Empire, and the old blocks were, as far as we can judge, increasingly neglected. But the new excavations have shown decisively that this is only one side of the picture of Ostia in the third and fourth centuries. At scattered points, mainly in the more residential areas, have been found more than twenty independent family houses built in the late Empire. They differ in size, elegance, and plan, but they have certain features in common. In plan they are radically different from the earlier Pompeian-style houses; they have no atrium, no peristyle; but, as in the Pompeian house, the ground floor is the centre of emphasis; upper floors, when they are found, are merely secondary. Instead of an atrium there is usually an open court which is the main source of light and the centre round which the rooms are distributed. Elaborate fountains are a marked feature; floors are paved with variegated patterns of coloured marble or elaborate mosaics; walls are lined with marble dados, with paintings above them. Niches provide for the display of sculpture on a liberal scale. In the *insulae* of the second century no rooms were heated; these later *domus* have heating pipes running up the walls of their main reception rooms. These houses in fact show every sign of wealth and comfort. It looks as if a gulf had once again widened between rich and poor. The growing neglect of the tall house-blocks reflects the collapse of the middle class which had risen on the profits of trade and could not survive the decline in Ostia's commercial importance.

But who lived in the new houses of the late Empire? We turn naturally to the inscriptions, but they no longer help us as they did before. No fragment of the town record later than the second century has been found and it is reasonably certain that the annual record was no longer set up publicly on stone. Nor are local magistrates recorded on public



Mosaic in front of the office of *Navi (culari) Narbonenses* (ship-owners from Narbonne, France)—one of the guilds of foreign traders who had offices in Ostia

Photographs: A. and C. Bonnel



buildings in the late Empire, as they used to be; for Ostia is now directly controlled by the central government. It is an imperial and not a local official whose name is recorded when public buildings are restored. Of the town council and magistrates we hear nothing.

There is, however, a little evidence to guide us. When a supply of water was carried into a private house, the lead pipe that carried the supply from the main conduit was normally stamped with the owner's name. Some of these pipes have been found and the names on them include Roman senators, some of them of the highest standing, who, as far as we know, were not Ostians by birth. We can probably also see residents of this class reflected in the story of Augustine's visit to Ostia. In his *Confessions*, Augustine describes how, while waiting to return to his native Africa, with his mother Monica, he stayed in a house at Ostia. In a moving passage he describes how in a room looking on to an inner garden he discussed with his mother the mysteries of death and the life hereafter. Shortly afterwards Monica caught a fever and died. Augustine's account implies that he was staying in a friend's house and that he had a circle of friends in the town. They can hardly have been local men, for Augustine had no close associations with Ostia. His friends in Italy consisted mainly of Roman senators with African connections, such as the Anicii, one of the few great families who weathered the political persecution of the emperors and retained their wealth and position into the late Empire. It is interesting, but not surprising, to find the name of a prominent lady of this family on an Ostian water pipe.

When Ostia was a thriving commercial town in the second century it was not a congenial setting for the Roman aristocracy. But when trade shifted to the imperial harbour a seaside town where the price of land had sharply fallen was attractive. We may guess, then, that the largest of the late houses belonged to Roman senators, residing perhaps at Ostia for a few months in the year. But some of the houses belonged to local men, and we should like to know more about them.

## Law in Action

# Driving While Under the Influence

By R. M. JACKSON

FROM time to time there arises some case under the Road Traffic Acts that catches the attention of lawyers and laymen alike. Such a case was *Haines v. Roberts* heard in the Queen's Bench Division in 1953. The defendant rode his motor-cycle into a town and left it in the rear yard of a garage, which was a public place, and went drinking. About 10 p.m. some friends took him to the yard where there was a tap, and after he had drunk some water they doused his head under the tap. He then went to sleep and his friends tried to make some arrangements to get the defendant home. They intended to prevent him riding home. A little before midnight the police found the defendant swaying backwards and forwards clinging to an upright steel standard about five feet from the motor-cycle. The defendant was asked by the police if the motor-cycle was his, and he replied: 'That is my bike, you leave it alone'. He was also asked if he intended to ride the cycle in his condition, and he said: 'If I want to ride that bike I will ride it and no one in town will stop me'. The police assisted the defendant to the police station, where he was examined by the police surgeon, and was later charged under caution and he replied: 'I was not in charge of any bloody bike.'

The justices found that the defendant was under the influence of drink to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control over a motor-cycle, but they came to the conclusion that he had not been a free agent because his presence near the cycle was involuntary as he had been brought there by his friends to get water, and they would have prevented him from riding his cycle. The justices also were not satisfied that he really intended to ride it, and considered that his remarks were in the nature of defiance of authority and drunken bravado. The Lord Chief Justice disposed of the case very briefly, saying, 'How can it be said under those circumstances that the defendant was not in charge of the motor-cycle? He had not put it into anybody else's charge. It may be that, if a man goes to a public house and leaves his car outside or in the car park, and, getting drunk, asks a friend to take over the car for him or to take it home, he has

The great Theodosian Code suggests a picture of growing misery among the councillors and local magistrates of the towns during the fourth century. What had earlier been a much-prized honour had now become a hereditary obligation from which men could not escape. Yet the late houses of Ostia suggest that there may be a less gloomy side to the picture. However burdensome their duties, some Ostians in the late Empire seemed to maintain a comfortable living standard. But they were now a small minority and, we suspect, less public spirited than the traders who had made Ostia great. In the second century the improvement of the town's public amenities and the building of new temples had been largely the result of private benefactions, but of such benefactions in the late Empire we have no evidence.

The increasing neglect of the *insulae* and the drying up of private benefactions is accompanied by the decline of the guilds. They no longer had the spirit nor the money to maintain the vigorous social life that had accompanied prosperity. The religious pattern is more complex and obscure, but one striking feature is suggestive. In all the late houses of the rich there is only one that shows clear signs of Christian ownership, though there is good evidence that Christianity was firmly rooted at Ostia. The main opposition in the Roman Empire to the promotion of Christianity by Constantine and the emperors who succeeded him came from the senatorial aristocracy at Rome, and we may suspect that it is they who set the tone for the upper classes at Ostia. Pagan cults therefore survived through the fourth century and in fact the last pagan revival in the west is reflected in the restoration at Ostia of the temple of Hercules in 393.

But this was a last defiant gesture. The Ostia that survived through the invasions to the Middle Ages was a Christian community, and it was a very poor community. Exposed to attack by land and sea, the rich minority dispersed or were destroyed. The gaps between social classes once again narrowed; but it was poverty and not prosperity that was now the leveller.—*Third Programme*

put it in charge of somebody else; but if he has not put it in charge of somebody else he is in charge until he does. . . . Some day, perhaps, the question will arise whether, if a car is in a car park where there is an attendant, the attendant is in charge?'

The case leads us back to the section of the Road Traffic Act of 1930. What did parliament enact and how have the courts succeeded in their job of applying it? The section runs 'Any person who when driving or attempting to drive, or when in charge of, a motor vehicle on a road or other public place is under the influence of drink or a drug to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle, shall be liable . . .' and then follow the penalties and the provision that on conviction there must be disqualification from driving for twelve months unless the court for special reasons thinks fit to order otherwise and without prejudice to the power of the court to order a longer period of disqualification.

It has been decided that this section creates three offences, that is to say, driving in these circumstances, attempting to drive, and being in charge. It might be thought that it would be enough to specify driving or attempting to drive, but there are good reasons for also providing about being in charge. It is not easy to define driving: the notion of driving is that one makes the thing go and controls its movements, but of course the thing may refuse to go as desired, or one may be steering it downhill, or be towed by another vehicle. If there is any doubt about whether these things constitute driving, they can be brought under the heading of being 'in charge'. The offence of being in charge also covers cases in which a person would probably try to drive. For instance, if a man is drunk and asleep in his car, all experience shows that he will probably wake up and start driving when he really is not fit to do so. We should take a poor view of the law and of police conduct if the police found a man drunk and asleep in his car and had to wait until he woke up and actually attempted to drive before they could take any action, so there are good and solid reasons for treating being in charge as a separate heading. But whatever language



parliament uses the courts have to interpret it. There have been cases before the Scots courts in which an attempt has been made to explain the meaning of 'being in charge'.

In *Adair v. McKenna* in 1951 a motor mechanic repairing a motor vehicle standing by a roadside was held not to be in charge of the vehicle. The court said: 'What the section is concerned with is the capacity to restrain and direct movement, i.e. to control'. There must be movement or the possibility of movement before the question of control arises. The same notion was adopted in *Crichton v. Burrell* in 1950, where a man who was going to be driven by his foreman was held not to be 'in charge' whilst waiting by the car, because those words mean being responsible for the driving of the car. In another case, *Dean v. Wishart*, in 1952, a man became very drunk and his friends put him in the back of his car in a car park, and took away the rotor arm of the distributor. He was convicted, and on appeal the conviction was quashed. It would have been consistent with other decisions in Scotland if the ground for allowing the appeal had been that the car had been immobilised, and hence there was no possibility of controlling its movement, but the court decided the appeal on the point that the defendant was taken there and was insensible and that the absence of voluntary conduct and knowledge of the circumstances prevented him from being in charge. Other cases also show that the Scots courts have not come to any clear rule, for in the case of a person who is supervising the driving of a learner there have been opposing views as to whether the supervisor or the actual driver is in charge. Perhaps they are both in charge.

### Is the Car Park Attendant 'In Charge'?

The English authorities are fewer and really tell us no more than that he who takes a vehicle on to the roads remains in charge so long as it is in a public place or until he puts it in the charge of somebody else. Following up Lord Goddard's comment on what happens if a man puts his car in a car park with an attendant, if the driver does so divest himself of the charge of his vehicle this would seem to mean that the car park attendant is now in charge. Suppose the attendant got drunk, would he offend against the section by being in charge of maybe 100 cars and incapable of proper control over them? Perhaps we have to bring in the conception that has influenced the Scots courts that what we are really concerned with is control of movement or possibility or expectation of movement.

Going on with the requirements of the section, there has been virtually no difficulty over the meaning of 'motor vehicle'. A pedal cycle with auxiliary motor is still a motor vehicle when it is being pedalled along, but if enough parts of the motor have been taken off it apparently reverts to being an ordinary cycle. The requirement of a road or other public place has also given virtually no trouble. In addition to roads, it means other places to which the public have access and so includes the parking ground for public houses, cinemas, and so forth, and even privately owned fields to which the public are admitted for events like a point-to-point race meeting.

The last element of the offence used to be the requirement that the defendant was drunk. Obviously drunkenness is a matter of degree, and it was found that as long as the word 'drunk' appeared in the offence it was thought that there could be no conviction unless he was really in a pretty bad state. Hence the Road Traffic Act of 1930 avoids the word 'drunk' and says that he must be under the influence of drink or a drug, and then attempts to define the degree by saying that he must be incapable of the proper control of a motor vehicle. This recognises that a person may not be anything like drunk enough for a charge of being drunk in a public place, and yet be properly charged under this section, for a person's judgement does not have to be seriously impaired to make him unfit to drive. Whether a person is incapable of the proper control of a vehicle is entirely a question of fact. The courts have not tried to elaborate the words used in the Statute.

In previous talks in this series, 'Law in Action', the law has been seen as principles that are developed by the judges in the course of deciding cases. My colleagues have, I think, proceeded on the unexpressed belief that if enough judges have enough cases for enough time, then a good body of law will emerge. I am not at all sure that the law in action is really like that: it seems to me that the law that comes from judicial precedent is, at its best, very good indeed, but there are occasions when it is pedantic and tiresome. The point here is, however, that when parliament takes a hand, as by defining a criminal offence, there is a limit on what even the wisest judges can do to develop that

part of the law. In this business of being under the influence, it is true that we cannot be quite sure what is covered by being 'in charge'; the law seems a little stricter in England than in Scotland, though the statute is the same for both countries. But suppose the judges do tie up these loose ends, we should not have resolved the main difficulty, which is the proof of the requisite degree of intoxication.

### Stereotyped Evidence

Anyone who has listened to the trial of these charges knows that the evidence is pretty stereotyped. The police witnesses refer to the unsteady gait, the slurred speech, and smell of the breath. The police surgeon describes various tests which he put to the defendant and his conclusions as to the defendant's state. The cross-examination is also apt to be standard on the lines that each of these tests may give the same result with a man who is sober. The defendant's own doctor may attend and make his examination. It is hard to listen to one of these cases without wondering whether there is not some easier and simpler way of settling such a point, and particularly whether some scientific test could not be introduced.

Earlier this year the British Medical Association published a report of a special committee on 'The Recognition of Intoxication'. By analysis of a sample of a person's blood or urine it is possible to ascertain the minimum possible amount of alcohol that he must have consumed. How useful would the result of such an analysis be to a court? If it showed no alcohol, it would obviously clear a defendant who denied that he had been drinking at all. If it showed alcohol, we should still have the problem of degree. A heavy concentration would show such a consumption of alcohol that it would be obvious that the man would have been incapable of driving, but in those cases the symptoms would have been obvious anyway. Our trouble is borderline cases. Can we take a definite figure of concentration in body fluids, call it  $x$  per cent, as a dividing line, and say that over  $x$  per cent. is reliable proof and under that figure there should be acquittal? As the figure for  $x$  per cent. would be ascertained experimentally, by observing an extensive number of instances, it would provide a sound test in most cases. Remembering that the analysis always gives us the least drink that could have been taken, any error is always in favour of the defendant, who might have drunk quite a lot more. But the test would not be reliable in every case. Drink does not affect all people equally, and one man might be over  $x$  per cent. and not fall within the section, and another man could be under  $x$  per cent. and yet be incapable of proper control of a motor vehicle. This does not condemn these tests: it merely shows that as long as we keep to our present law we have no test that doctors and lawyers will accept as satisfactory proof in every case.

It is possible that some machine may be evolved which will measure a person's reactions, and produce by mechanical means an accurate answer to whether he is fit to drive. That would be most useful, for in office hours it could be used to test applicants for driving licences when through age or infirmity or other cause there was some reason for doubting whether they should be allowed to hold a licence. Then in the evenings the machine would test drivers who were thought to be under the influence. But we cannot just wait until there are perfect machines.

### A Law that Might Affect Drinking Habits

Perhaps we should make a fresh start. The beginning point is that driving calls for quick responses and good co-ordination of faculties, and drink, even in the most moderate quantities, does render a person less efficient in these respects. The police will not ascribe an accident to alcohol, or make a charge under Section 15, unless there is a substantial degree of intoxication because of the difficulty of proof, and the number of drivers affected by drink in the course of a year is far greater than the 3,000-odd who are actually charged with the offence. The need is to induce drivers to keep off drink, or at least to restrict themselves to a very small amount. So let us consider what would be the effect of a new law by which it would be an offence to drive or attempt to drive or be in charge of a motor vehicle, etc., whilst having a body fluid concentration of  $x$  per cent. or more of alcohol. If we think of what would happen about such an offence in the courts, it might not appear entirely satisfactory, because everyone would be judged by the average and no allowance would be made for the effect on any particular defendant. But a provision of that nature might have a big effect on drinking habits. If someone who is going to drive has a



drink or two and knows that if for any reason he is stopped while driving—it may be for a minor accident for which he was in no way to blame—he would have to provide a sample for the analyst and that if the percentage was exceeded he would certainly be convicted and lose his licence, then he may decide that he had better drink very little. The experience of foreign countries, particularly in Scandinavia, suggests that legislation on these lines does result in people who are

going to drive drinking far less: it simply is not worth risking loss of one's driving licence under a system where the tell-tale analysis will leave no room for argument.

Such a change in our law would need an Act of Parliament. Statutes usually succeed in doing what they are meant to do, but there is no absolute certainty about the effect where changes of this kind are envisaged. The question is this: is it worth trying?—*Third Programme*

## Life Begins at Sixty

By VERNON BARTLETT

**W**HEN I was a boy, before the first world war, I lived for a while in eastern Germany, not very far from the Russian frontier. In those days the United States still welcomed immigration on a large scale, and sometimes I used to go to the railway station to watch the trainloads of emigrants passing through on their way to the New World. All these people with their mattresses, their pots and pans, their bundles of blankets, their imitation leather suitcases, and their incomprehensible Slav languages—how, I wondered, would they manage in America? What motive of hope or despair or adventure induced them to pull up their roots in this way, to travel in this discomfort, to go to live among strangers on the farther side of a large ocean?

### Pulling Up One's Roots

In about a week's time I, too, shall become a kind of emigrant. True, I shall be lucky enough to travel in comfort, and by what I consider to be the most pleasant method of travel—by cargo ship with only a dozen passengers. I shall be met by friends in Singapore. I have a fascinating job awaiting me there. But it is a queer sensation to pull up one's roots so drastically. I had never thought it possible that, in a few weeks, one's interests and one's sense of values could change so completely. For example, I have been collecting things almost ever since I can remember. When I was still a boy, hoping that one day I should write books that would be recognised as masterpieces, I used to spend hours pottering about the second-hand bookstalls, buying, as often as not, books that I have not read even now but that looked learned and important. They have gone with me from house to house, but now that I expect to be overseas for three years, I have got rid of them. A great van came and took them all away, and, perhaps, in a few weeks some other boy with ambitions similar to those I felt forty or fifty years ago will be looking at some of them on the second-hand bookshelves, wondering whether to spend his pocket-money on them. And the odd thing is that, apart from a very fleeting attack of sentimentality, I have felt younger and happier as each case of books was carried out of the house. The books I have kept, the ones that mattered to me, were, relatively speaking, so few.

It is the same with so many of one's other possessions. Or it is with mine. In the past I have found it so hard to throw things away. That shabby leather strap, that group photograph of people I have forgotten and never really liked very much, that picture I thought so beautiful so many years ago, those bomb splinters that came into my house during the blitz—I kept them all even when they had ceased to have the slightest material or sometimes even sentimental value. Had I been merely moving from one London house to another I dare say that once more I should have taken them along with me. But what is the point of putting them in store all the time I am in the Far East? So most of them have gone into the dustbin and others have gone into auctions.

Then, again, I notice that the things I *have* kept are generally those which would have very little value or interest for other people. I could not find it in me to destroy, for example, the various passes authorising me to attend, as a journalist, some dozens of international conferences, from the Versailles Peace Conference after the first world war to this year's Geneva Conference on Indo-China. Or the little slip to tell me which of the 250 mattresses on the floor of the concert hall at Broadcasting House I was to occupy during those noisy and exciting nights of the blitz. Or the notes scribbled by friends on the spur of some rather emotional moment. All of them things that I still value, but that could have no possible interest for anybody else.

But the amount of rubbish! For years I have kept cuttings of all the articles I wrote. I kept them for reasons of vanity, but I tried to persuade myself they were useful, that I might need to refer to them. So few of them were, in fact, useful, and now most of them have gone. They have gone in such quantities that we found it advisable to tip the dustmen to take them all away. And, again, I feel better and younger without them.

And the things I have left undone and can now continue to leave undone. For at least ten years the chain on the bath plug has had a habit of coming off. Each time it did so, I said to myself that I must bring up a pair of tweezers to put it right. Then, of course, I forgot to do anything about it. It came off again the other day and I just chuckled with joy. It no longer matters. It is no longer my headache.

There are, naturally, handicaps about this process of throwing ballast overboard. In the last few weeks I have found myself doing something I had never expected to do: I have driven through towns without stopping to find out if there was an antique shop or a junk shop in them. Some of my happiest hours have been spent in shops of that kind, but what is the point of collecting more pieces of not very good antique furniture now that I am going to the other side of the world? Even as it is, we have put into store far more furniture than we shall need in the kind of house we expect to live in when we come home again. But I feel unhappy at the thought that perhaps this particular phase of my life may have ended. The old phrase, 'You can't take it with you', suddenly seems rather significant and ominous.

Also I am brought to realise how intensely I love England. Never have its hedges been so green or its birds sung so beautifully. Malaya has its fantastic variety of birds and its deep green jungle. But it will not be the same. One of the reasons why I am emigrating—I suppose that is the correct word, though I don't much like the sound of it—is that I am so attracted by the charm and elegance of the peoples of south-east Asia. But how much shall I miss the tolerant kindliness of my compatriots? The perky, quick-tongued cockney bus conductors? The farmers and farm-workers of my own West Country, saying such wise things in their slow, broad accents? The club waiters, the lift boys, and all those others to whom I now find myself apologising because, by going overseas, I shall be compelling them to break, albeit to a very small degree, with their own routines? My friends at that Friday lunch which has gone on regularly for the last thirty-two years? And one or two other people, very dear and close to me, whose lives I am inevitably upsetting by my departure? I like meeting people. I like making new friends. But can I go on making new friends without losing the old ones?

### Judging People by a New Standard

Already I find myself judging people by a new standard. I am surprised to discover how much friendship depends upon the extent to which one shares the same interests. I get so much enjoyment out of talking shop, and my particular shop for the last thirty-five years has been European politics. There are only two of the two dozen capital cities of Europe that I have never visited. But already I find myself skipping the European news in the papers and looking for news about Asia, with the result that already I find myself drifting away from people who have been my close companions for half my lifetime. I am no longer interested in the same kind of shop as they are.

Why, then, am I exiling myself in this way? This question puzzles my friends; I admit that at times it also puzzles me. Some reasons are

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# NEWS DIARY

August 11-17

Wednesday, August 11

Cease-fire comes into effect in Indo-China after eight years of fighting

U.S. airline to buy forty Vickers Viscounts, the biggest single sale ever made of a British airliner

President Eisenhower says that a so-called 'preventive war' is impossible in these days of atomic attack

Dr. Otto John, former West German Security chief, tells western correspondents why he crossed to Soviet Zone

Thursday, August 12

French Cabinet meets for third time in two days to decide its policy towards the the European Defence Community Treaty

Public service workers in Hamburg end strike

Twenty-four-hour general strike called in Cyprus as a protest against enforcing laws on sedition

President Eisenhower says that the recent decline in United States' economic health has been halted

Friday, August 13

Representatives of railway unions and British Transport Commission fail to reach agreement in discussions on a new wage structure

Mr. Nehru appeals to Goans and Indians not to use violence in dispute over Portuguese territory in India

Saturday, August 14

France sends her proposals for revision of the European Defence Community Treaty to other signatory powers and to Great Britain and U.S.A.

Eight-power conference on south-east Asian security to open in Philippines on September 6

Labour Party delegation to China arrives in Peking

Sunday, August 15

Demonstrators favouring union with India cross border into Goa at three points

British mission arrives in Cairo to study problem of arranging for maintenance of Canal Zone base after its evacuation by British troops

Princess Anne celebrates her fourth birthday

Monday, August 16

Dr. Evatt, Australian Opposition leader, addresses first hearing of Royal Commission on Espionage in Sydney

U.S. House of Representatives pass Bill to outlaw Communist Party, as alternative to measure already approved by Senate

First British troops to leave Suez Canal Zone embark

Tuesday, August 17

H.M. the Queen launches 20,000-ton passenger liner *Southern Cross* at Belfast

British Ambassador in Paris flies to London for consultations on French attitude to E.D.C.

Pakistan wins final Test match and shares the rubber



Members of the Labour Party delegation who are visiting China, broke their journey to spend two days in Moscow last week. They are seen visiting the Moscow Agricultural Fair on August 11. Left to right are Dr. Edith Summerskill, Mr. Harry Earnshaw, Mr. Morgan Phillips, an interpreter, M. Tsitsin (chairman of the exhibition), Mr. Attlee, and a guide



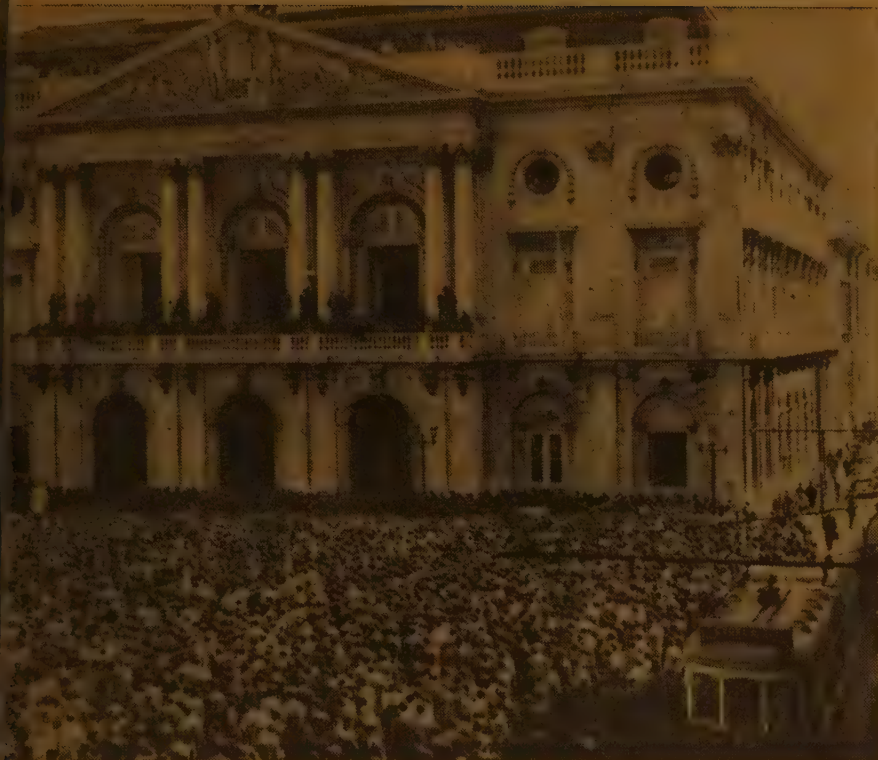
Last week a team of Italian cave explorers organised by the Adriatic Society of Natural Science, Trieste, claimed to have made a record descent when they climbed to a depth of 2,100 feet in the Spluga della Preta in the Lessinia mountains north of Verona. The photograph shows a member of the team entering the mouth of the cavern



The National Trust announces this week from Lord St. Levan. This p

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outside the city hall in Lisbon last week meeting was held inside over India's the Portuguese possession of Goa. Goans, supporting union with India, were arrested last Sunday and were arrested



Members of the International Supervisory Commission for Indo-China arriving at Hanoi on August 10. Left to right: Mr. R. M. Macdonnell of Canada, Mr. S. Dutt of India, and Mr. J. Grudzinski of Poland



gift of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, shows the castle from the east



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who last week toured Canada's northern territories, shaking hands with Indian Chief Patsy Henderson, one of the original discoverers of gold in the Yukon, at Whitehorse. The Duke is now on his way home in the royal yacht



The annual Venetian Fete was held on the Royal Military Canal at Hythe, Kent, on August 11: one of the tableaux passing in front of the judges

Left, 'Snowcap', a fuchsia exhibited by Mrs. Barnes of Chertsey, Surrey, which won the Coronation Cup for the best plant in the British Fuchsia Society's Show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, London, on August 10



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fairly obvious. I have a better and more fascinating job ahead of me in Malaya than was easily to be found here in Britain. I am much more interested in why political events happen than in the events themselves, and there is, I fear, a decreasing interest here in Britain in this background to the news; it does not provide good newspaper headlines. Then there is politics. I am proud and thankful to have spent nearly a dozen years in the House of Commons. But, as a rule, I have too much sympathy with the arguments of my opponents to be much good at the political game. Besides, the House of Commons produces too many people who suffer from frustrated ambitions. I did not want to become one of them myself, and I was in danger of doing so.

But these are negative reasons for emigrating. They suggest a sense of defeat, which is not in the least in keeping with my present feelings. On the contrary, I have a sense of adventure keener than any I knew when I was younger. I do not so much mean physical adventure as adventure of the mind and the spirit. It is true that most Europeans come back for good from the tropics when they are still in their fifties, and I am going out at the age of sixty. I fully expect that in a few months I shall be reminding my wife, with intense longing in my voice, of that wonderful, blustering, cold north wind which blew on every day of our Cornish holiday. But in these days of air-conditioned bedrooms, deep freeze, jet-propelled aircraft, long-playing records, and insecticides, so many of the handicaps of tropical countries have disappeared. I shall not even share the gravest worry of most of my future European colleagues in Malaya—we have long since finished with the problem of how and when to send the children back to England for their schooling.

So, I repeat, I have no great sense of physical adventure. I have become too fond of my creature comforts to want very much of that. My sense of adventure springs from other causes. One of them is this. I no longer believe, as I did when I was very young, that I could alter the course of history. But I do still believe that life would lose its spice and sparkle unless one *tried* to alter history to the best of one's ability and according to one's conscience. What, after all, is democracy but the outcome of the individual attempts to do just that? And I also believe that the awakening of Asia will affect us all more than any other event in this momentous century—more, for example, than the awaken-

ing of Russia has done, which is saying a good deal. It has become immensely important for people to find out what our western part in civilisation looks like through Chinese or Indian eyes, for civilisation as a whole may collapse if there can be no understanding between east and west.

I have always believed that people the world over are very much alike. But at present I know only seven words of Malay and one word of Chinese—incidentally, the wrong variety of Chinese for Malaya. Even though I have been struck by the similarity between my own sense of humour and that of the Chinese, even though I have been struck by the gentleness and courtesy of the Malays, I wonder whether at my age I shall be able to understand peoples with histories and traditions so different from my own. I don't know. But I do know that the attempt to understand them should be exhilarating.

The other main cause of this sense of adventure is more limited, more personal. Have you never wondered what it would be like to disappear from your known and normal surroundings and to start off a new job in a new country, perhaps even with a new name? To begin life anew, in fact? I am not going anything like as far as that, since I already have friends in my new country and expect to keep most of my friends in the old one. I shall not be losing my identity, and I shall still be earning my living as a newspaper man. I shall not even be breaking away from the microphone. But for so long I have followed one groove. I would almost call it a rut, even though my newspaper work has given me such opportunities of travel and variety. And now I am out of that groove, that rut, with so much new and strange ahead of me that I am encouraged to conclude that life begins at sixty.

Perhaps I am making too much of it all. After all, in the last twenty years so many millions of people, many of them far older than I am, have been compelled—as I am not compelled—to leave their homelands and to establish themselves as refugees in foreign and unfriendly countries. The emigrants of my boyhood, jolting across Europe in their fourth-class carriages on their way to the New World, were relatively lucky. It may be that the best part of my own small and exhilarating adventure will be to give me a wider and more sympathetic understanding of these unwilling exiles. And the longer I live the more I doubt whether anything is more important and desirable than a sympathy for one's fellow-men.—*Home Service*

## Pianist in Exile

NEVILLE CARDUS on Ignaz Friedman

**I**GNAZ FRIEDMAN was one of the last of a school of pianists who knew how to play the music of Chopin; that is to say, one who played it with a romantic feeling for melody, and an aristocratic poise of rhythm; and never tried to make the instrument sound like a typewriter. Friedman never became famous in England, but he was known and admired in most other parts of the world. But it is not as a pianist I wish to talk of him now, but as a man of wit and great charm; he was indeed one of the wittiest men I have ever known.

Friedman was a smallish but well built and rather handsome man in appearance, with keen eyes and a humorous mouth which he would drop while telling a good story—it was a kind of Grimaldi expression. He was a Polish Jew, but did not look particularly Jewish. There was in his face a suggestion of the Slav or the Russian. He was born very poor in Warsaw, and as a youth he was obliged to copy out music, as one means of keeping himself and his old mother alive. He loved to tell me how his mother one day came to him when he was still only a little boy. She said: 'Ignaz, my sohn, I grow old, and one day I must leave you and go to heaven and wait for you to come'. And you will be left alone in a wicked world, a very wicked world. So I give you advice, so listen, my sohn, listen carefully to what I say to you now: Ven people want to give to you anything—*take, take, take*. Whatever it is, my sohn, *take it*—anything; old tin cans, bits of string, old clothes, old iron—*take, take*, my sohn, always *take* . . . But if anybody wants to take from you—call for the police'.

One story I particularly loved to hear Friedman tell—I can almost hear him telling it now. At a time when Friedman was a student in

Warsaw an old Polish tenor tried to make a come-back. The tenor's voice had suffered from the strain of good living—*Wein, Wein* as well as *Gesang*. But he was hard up, so he decided to sing in public again. He was, like many other tenors, no musician. And he had no sense of pitch, no sense of key. He came to young Friedman with a proposition. 'You will be my accompanist, yes?' Friedman was naturally thrilled. 'Can you transpose?' asked the tenor. Young Friedman said he could. 'You see', said the tenor, 'sometimes my voice is tired when I have too much wine, and next day I can not reach some high notes; so when I feel I can't reach to them, I knock three times on the side of the piano, and you play der song three notes down—a third down. Then I pay you extra. You understand?' Friedman understood very well, and the contract was settled.

At the very first concert the tenor got into difficulties immediately, and soon Friedman was given the signal of three knocks on the side of the piano. He played the next song three notes 'down'. At the end of the concert the old tenor was delighted with young Friedman's clever playing. 'Wonderful. You are clever transpose. So always when you 'ave to play down I pay you extra, so you come with me on tour'. And Friedman agreed. And then, Friedman used to narrate, in his own way: 'One night when I lie in bed I have inspiration. I get extra pay when I transpose. But sometimes he sings in good voice and the right key. So . . . so at the next concert I begin by playing three notes up. So I always make extra; and he does not know'.

He told me once of his experience with the police in Sydney when he came to Australia in wartime, an alien driven from pillar to post. He had to register, so he went to the local police station. He appeared



on a hot day before a sergeant, who sat at a table on which his helmet reposed. The following dialogue took place.

'What's yer nime?'

'Friedman'.

'Howdjer spell it?'

Friedman said, 'I write it for you, please'. So he did.

The police officer closely inspected the signature.

'Fried-man', he said, 'well—and what's yer first nime?'

'Ignaz—I also write it down for you'.

The sergeant pored over the signature again in deep contemplation for a few moments, then spoke again:

'What are yer?'

Friedman, naturally, was rather taken aback. 'Excuse—pleas' explain'.

'I mean what *are* yer, whadjer do for a living?'

'Ah', said Friedman, 'I understand. So. I am a pianist'.

'A what?'

'I play the piano'.

'What? Yermeantersay you pl'y the pianner for a living?'

Friedman murmured modest acquiescence. The next question rather bowled him over.

'And where jer pl'y?'

Friedman did not wish in wartime to mention suspect places such as Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, so he replied, 'I play in Brisbane, Sydney . . .'

'What? You've pl'yed the pianner in Sydney—what, in public?'

'Yes'.

'Anywhere else?'

'Yes, Melbourne, Adelaide . . . Tasmania . . .'

The police officer was truly astonished. He went into a profound session of silent thought, then asked: 'Who's yer boss?'

### Russian Wife of the Old Aristocracy

Friedman lived a few miles out of Sydney, at Vacluse, one of the most beautiful places in the world, looking upon the Heads, which are the entrance to Sydney Harbour. And every Tuesday night I would go to dinner with him and his wife, who was a Russian of the old aristocracy, and a relation of Tolstoy. In her own way she was as great a character as Friedman himself. And she was his opposite, divertingly different. He was a Jew, she was anti-Semitic and Orthodox Church. He was agnostic, she was devoutly religious. Her first name was Mania. One night over our wine, and after one of her enormous dinners—she would fry about half-a-dozen Wiener Schnitzels—we somehow got on to the subject of dying.

'Ach, no', said Mania Friedman. 'It is awful to speak of'.

'But Mania', said Friedman, 'for you there is no terror in death. It is *I* who should be afraid of hell fire, not you'.

'Ach, no', shuddered Mania; 'it is terrible'.

'But Mania, to die is only to sleep. And as you sleep so much, you would not know the difference'.

One night Mania was called from the dinner table to the telephone. She was away for about three-quarters of an hour. She was a terrific talker on the telephone. When she returned to the room Friedman looked at his watch. 'How *can* you speak so long on telephone? It is not possible'.

Mania, haughty as Catherine herself, replied: 'I hiaf' my friends. I can always speak to my friends'.

A few minutes later the telephone rang again for her. This time she was away from the table ten minutes. Friedman greeted her return triumphantly: 'Mania! Only now ten minutes. You make an epigram on the telephon'. Bravo!'

I shall never forget these evenings at Vacluse, far away from the world, with the winter wind outside and the sound of the sea sometimes in our ears. And I would listen to the talk of this wise and human man, whose face held many an experience of spirit and flesh. He told me that the two most richly endowed musicians he had ever met were Richard Strauss and Busoni, and that the most marvellously educated of all musicians was Donald Tovey. Friedman remembered Gustav Mahler conducting his own Eighth Symphony at Munich; the symphony of a thousand . . . a thousand performers took part, a vast orchestra, choir and extra choir, a choir of boys representing angels, an enormous mass of them—and Mahler was suffering from acute rheumatism, and had to sit down and conduct with one hand. 'And', said Friedman, 'he held everybody in the hollow of it—not only all the performers but also the audience'.

Speaking of rheumatism, Friedman himself fell a victim to neuritis, neuritis in the fingers of the left hand. One night, when I went as usual for dinner, I noticed that as he served me sherry he took none himself. And he so loved his wine. 'No sherry', I expostulated; 'but why?'

'It is this neuritis', he said, showing me his left hand. 'I haf' no feeling in the fingers, only pain sometimes. And when I put a three-penny piece in my palm I don't know if it is not a shilling, which is very serious. And I cannot play any more'. Then, after a pause, he added: 'But you—every morning I read in the *Sydney Morning Herald* that you have praised some pianist who also plays only with the right hand'.

Friedman was a pianist who played with no unnecessary gestures, no flinging of the hand in the air, no sudden removal of the fingers from the keyboard, as though it were sending out an electrical shock. 'All tone, all expression', he said, 'comes from the fingers'. He loved to tell me how Pachmann used to kiss his finger-tips after a recital. Pachmann once asked him how many times better did Friedman think he—Pachmann—played the fourth Ballade of Chopin than Paderewski. And Friedman, trying to humour Pachmann, said, 'Oh, twice as good!'. 'No', retorted Pachmann, 'three times better!'

Friedman had the great man's capacity to laugh at himself. Humour means sense of proportion, sense of values. He gave a recital at Brisbane, and in the interval Mania came into the dressing room, scarlet with indignation. 'Friedman', she said (she always called him Friedman), 'You bring me to this barbar' country. It is terrible. For while you, Friedman, play Chopin a man in the owdience—he sleeps. My Heaven, he sleeps while Friedman plays!' Friedman pacified her. 'Mania', he said, 'it is always good to sleep'.

He was a widely read man, with a rare knowledge of English literature, and he was much more informed of English music than is common amongst Continental musicians. He regarded Busoni and Eugène d'Albert as the two greatest pianists of his experience in the classical tradition, but thought that as an artist of the piano nobody excelled Rachmaninoff, though he made a reservation on behalf of Moriz Rosenthal, if Rosenthal happened to be in a good mood. Rosenthal had the habit of periodically dyeing his hair a different colour; sometimes it would be raven black, sometimes an aureole of gold, like Swinburne's. After long years of absence, Friedman once returned to Vienna to give a concert there. He was older and his hair was going grey. After his recital, Rosenthal came to see him. 'But Friedman', he said in some surprise, 'you are grey'. 'Ah yes', replied Friedman, 'but, natural . . .'

Friedman, and Mania, and myself, at the world's other end years ago, sitting in the cosy room, the wine glasses shining, the sea sounding in the distance as in a shell—and the time passing. Mania would clear away the empty plates and dishes and then come and sit with us, plying her needles to the socks of her great man. In the benignity of her nature, which was a wonderful compound of peasant and patrician, the evening richly spent itself. Then, without a word, Mania would slip away to bed, to sleep, long, long sleep. And after midnight Friedman would take me to the door of his house and say 'Good night'. And so I would find my way uphill to the main highway, satisfied and warm to the heart with good food, good wine, and contact with genius. Friedman was something of a genius not only because he ranked with the great pianists of his day, but—more important—because in him was a living and relishing sense of life, and a capacity to feel the whole of the experience that came his way; and to convey it to others simply by living it in his mind all over again. He died in Sydney only the other year at the age of about sixty-six. He had lived his life to the full, even the shadows and trials in it. I have seldom enjoyed and loved a man so much.—*Home Service*

## Adieu, Colette

The purring of many cats has ceased  
And the rooms are made unfamiliar with silence;  
To those who sought bizarre anecdotes  
Her life was as legendary as the salamander.

Now in her particular heaven  
She fondles the fur of graceful creatures  
Whilst boulevard critics of doubtful authority  
Unwrap the woman from her certain fame.

CHARLES DURANTY



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Why There Is No Slump

Sir,—May I add just three points to Mr. Shonfield's broadcast on 'Why There Is No Slump' (THE LISTENER, August 12)?

(1) All slumps start in the United States and reach other countries through international trade. The American economy is without any shadow of doubt the key economy of the world and the only country whose fluctuations in business are due to fluctuations in domestic expenditures. Should a slump occur in the United States, most other countries cannot have full employment however much they try, and if as at present there is prosperity in the United States other countries can have unemployment only if they are exceedingly foolish. When there is a slump in the United States American money ceases to flow into world markets either in the form of purchases of goods or in loans. In the United Kingdom the primary fluctuation is not the fluctuation in private spending but the sums spent by foreigners in buying British goods, *i.e.*, British exports. It goes without saying that the United Kingdom sells to countries producing agricultural products and minerals, and the prices of these are very sensitive to the state of the American economy.

(2) I do not think that the United States will ever see again a great depression like that of the early nineteen-thirties. When recently Visiting Professor at Harvard I showed the vast changes that had taken place in the American economy in the past fifteen years, especially since the Employment Act of Congress 1946. The American economy is a controlled economy whether the average American realises it or not. Today it has built-in stabilisers. Certain factors of the economy have been insulated to a considerable extent against the impact of the trade cycle. Farm incomes, for example, are protected, at least partially, against a catastrophic fall in the price of staple products. Social security and public assistance, supplemented by private insurance plans, have put a floor under the income of many millions of families. The high degree of unionisation, whatever its other effects may be, makes it less likely that a down turn in business will develop into a deflationary spiral through wholesale cuts in wage rates. A somewhat more even income distribution strengthens mass consumption in relation to the more volatile demand of the wealthy. Investment programmes lessen the influence of short-run fluctuations in the market as they are now planned over a long or fairly long period. There are curbs on speculative excesses, insurance of most bank deposits and so on. Space will not permit my showing what an asset the Federal Reserve System has been in recent years from the point of view of monetary policy.

(3) I should like to acknowledge and to pay tribute to the work of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report. It is a committee of both the Senate and the House of Representatives with an expert staff which under the Act of 1946 'shall make a continuing study of matters relating to the Economic Report' of the President. This committee works with great success along with the Executive's planners. It holds hearings and cross-examines the best brains in the country. This might well be followed in other great industrial countries. Yes, *Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis?*

Yours, etc.,

Ballater

G. FINDLAY SHIRRAS

## Can Russia Change?

Sir,—Let us examine the instances which Mr. R. H. Gunn cites (THE LISTENER, August 12) of democracies 'launching aggressive war'. In 1918-20 Britain and France gave some support to the more legitimate and the more democratic of the two sides in a Russian civil war which they did not start. Thanks to their democratic rights, the French and British peoples soon learned that the parties they were supporting in fact had little popular support in Russia and, as a result, British and French forces, never large, were promptly withdrawn without having engaged in any serious fighting. In 1899 Kruger (the head of an oligarchy) declared war on Great Britain. Nevertheless the British people (again thanks to their democratic liberties) soon learned that there was much to be said for the Boer point of view, and celebrated their victory by paying an indemnity to the Boers, and by, almost at once, giving the Boers control not only of the Transvaal and Orange Free State but of Natal and the Cape as well.

Household suffrage (for men in towns only) was gained in Britain in 1867. The opium wars (1840 and 1857) and the 'colonial wars on which was built the British Empire' took place before this. Does Mr. Gunn expect the benefits of democracy to apply retroactively? What he has to explain is not only the absence of aggressive wars since Britain became a democracy but the long series of grants of home rule to former colonies. I wonder whether a Hibernian (or possibly Muscovite) imagination can supply him with any comparable instance where a non-democratic government has thus peacefully relinquished power?

And, lastly, Syracuse. Surely Mr. Gunn knows that a very large, perhaps the major, part of the working people in Athens were slaves? If its critics have to go back 2,300 years and then the best that they can find is an instance not of democracy but of slave-owners making war, perhaps the record of democracy for non-aggression is not so bad after all!

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

J. B. GILLET

## The Fastest Train on Earth

Sir,—It seems to me that Professor J. F. Allen, who, in his letter in THE LISTENER of August 5, attacks the railways for clinging to old methods, is himself going to the other extreme of claiming that because something is new it must, *ipso facto*, be superior to the old.

Though one cannot but agree with some of his comments, I feel that others are debatable, to say the least: and it must, in any case, not be forgotten that many of the improvements he advocates implicitly would have been carried out in the last few years if only the railways had been allowed the necessary capital expenditure. For instance, if the railways had been allowed as much as the electricity industry, *all* the main lines out of London could have been electrified for upwards of 100 miles: as it is, only some 100 route miles have been electrified since the war.

May I comment on his 'Railwayman's Creed' point by point:

(1) 'Belching smoke and steam': electrification of main lines could be carried out if capital were available, but most secondary lines have

not enough traffic to justify it, and diesels use imported fuel. Further, coupling rods do not clank if properly maintained, and even electric or diesel locomotives have driving wheels, which are often coupled by 'clanking connecting rods'.

(2) Since the war, there has been a very considerable extension of colour-light signalling on main lines: but, here again, extra maintenance costs mean that such installation is not justified on secondary lines where traffic is light.

(3) There is no earthly reason why electronic or magnetic connections should be more, or less, infallible than mechanical ones: but they are more difficult to maintain. However, most big junctions now use magnetic or electronic connections for points and signals: for example, the huge installation at York, by which all movements within two or three miles of York station are controlled from one room on the station.

(4) Welding is standard on London Transport: I agree, however, that it might profitably be extended on British Railways. It is not true to say that it is in extensive use in other countries, outside certain main lines.

(5) Almost all locomotives and stock built for many years now have had roller-bearings (which were often found to cause a great deal of trouble), but non-roller-bearing stock obviously cannot be replaced in an instant, especially in view of restrictions on capital expenditure.

(6) I fully agree that something ought to be done about fitting continuous brakes, etc., to freight trains: experiments are being carried out, but it ought to have been done years ago.

(7) Strangely enough, old things are sometimes the best, but since Professor Allen is here obviously criticising the standard of cleanliness, etc., of locomotives and stock, I agree with him, though it is only fair to say that in this part of the country, at least, there has been great improvement recently.

The efficiency of modern steam locomotives is far greater than the five per cent. ('one shovelful in twenty') put forward in Professor Allen's letter. On the other hand, the electric locomotive, though indisputably more efficient, is nowhere near 100 per cent. efficiency, either: though the power station makes better use of its coal than a steam locomotive, much of the efficiency is lost in transmitting the electricity to the train, and both the electric locomotive and the diesel locomotive cost far more to build than a steam locomotive, and also more to maintain. On the other hand, more work can be got out of them in any given period, but they have a shorter life.

Yours etc.,

Liverpool, 13

N. D. MCGREGOR

## Magic Island-Sanctuaries

Sir,—Professor Stuart Piggott's interesting talk (THE LISTENER, August 5) on the Mycenaean incursion into the Mediterranean and north-western Europe did not, in his enumeration of important sites, include the long barrows of Anglesey and North Wales. The architectural plan of Bryn-cellid-ddu in Anglesey is a complete spiral, the famous identification motif of these people, which is repeated by an incision on one of the uprights of the large chamber in the mound. Another important association with the Malta tombs is the evidence of mass cremation within a sealed tomb; but only the marks of burning on the walls now remain since the complete excavation, restoration, and supervision by the Ministry of Works.

The burial chamber of Barclodiad-y-gawres, on the south coast of Anglesey, has spirals



and zig-zags incised on five of its stones. The long barrow of Capel Garmon near Llanrwst in the Conway valley of North Wales is 140 feet long and has a false entrance, another feature of some of the Mediterranean tombs. The objective of these questing seamen was undoubtedly the copper which a volcanic terrain similar to their own was sure to yield. The Parys Mountain copper mines on Anglesey were worked by the Romans, and had an enormous annual yield until quite recently.

May not the Romans have obliterated the mining excavations, hut sites, harbours, and trackways of this earlier civilisation both on Anglesey and in the Conway valley, where they may have even found gold? Quarrying, mining, and road making have created havoc for field archaeology in North Wales, but it is very likely that something decisive may emerge from Anglesey.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

DOROTHY E. WARREN

### The Puzzled Grampus

Sir,—I read in THE LISTENER of July 22 an extract from the interview of Bruno Vailati, leader of the Italian under-water expedition to the Red Sea, entitled 'The Puzzled Grampus'. I am very surprised at Vailati's statement, which is in complete disagreement with Quilici's (his cameraman) in his book, *Avventura nel Sesto Continente*, soon to be published in English under the title of *The Blue Continent*, and which I have translated into French.

Quilici describes the encounter, in somewhat similar terms, but with a school of *globicephali*, or blackfish, not grampuses. One of their party, Cecco Baschieri, the hydrobiologist, is very careful, when they meet the creatures, to warn them against the danger of their being grampuses, or orcs, or killer whales (in appearance very similar to *globicephali*), which, with sharks, are among the most dreaded animals of the high seas. Did Vailati want to improve upon the first reports of the Italian expedition, or did he not know the meaning of the English word grampus? I doubt if they could have had

such a friendly meeting with true grampuses!

Yours, etc.,

Le Mans

HENRI DELGOVE

### Bouquets and Brickbats

Sir,—Mr. Robert Silvey, Head of B.B.C. Audience Research, infers from a comment of mine on certain findings of his department that I 'do not like' the sampling processes on which his deductions and reports are based. He invites me to consider the flow of quantitative statements concerning cinema attendances, library withdrawals, and public transport. In doing so, he helps me to make my parenthetical point, which was that I mistrust measurements unrelated to length, breadth, or depth.

I do not say that Mr. Silvey is engaged in assisting any such pretence. I think I know enough about his work to believe that it is conducted with sincerity and care. I have no doubt that when it comes to awarding an 'appreciation percentage' to a given programme, his guess is better than mine.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

REGINALD POUND

### Immigrant Labour in Buganda

Sir,—Dr. Richards (in THE LISTENER, August 12) admits the validity of my comments that some of her cross-references are faulty, that a technical term is used incorrectly, and that two of the contributors to her book differ in opinion. But she protests at being charged with 'mistakes in simple arithmetic'. I still maintain that 1,563 : 5,194 is not 'nearly 1 : 5', and that 149 : 1,713 does not reduce to '1 : 11.9' (page 64); nor can her readers be blamed for assuming that she has been careless when, without trying to explain the discrepancies, she writes such sentences as: 'Of 41 householders in the sample villages, 25 had changed their plots once before occupying their present site; 5 had changed it twice, 7 three times and 3 four times' (pages 134 f.), or: '9 out of 21 men questioned . . . thought . . . , 3 said . . . , 5 said . . . , one said . . . , and 5 said . . . ' (page 199).—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

### The 'Annual Register'

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the talk in THE LISTENER, under the title 'Rambling Readings in the *Annual Register*', and in particular to the paragraph about Joanna Southcott.

It is appreciated that the talk in question is written in lighter vein—and is otherwise very entertaining—but 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy', and to a great many people who believe that Joanna Southcott was truly a prophetess the subject of this paragraph is not one for light treatment.

It is, however, on a question of fact that I would request the courtesy of a correction. Joanna Southcott's box has not been opened, as erroneously stated in this article. The Panacea Society has for many years advocated and strongly urged that the box should be opened, and I can assure you that the opening has not yet taken place. The box still awaits the attention of twenty-four Bishops of the Church of England, whose presence is required before the box can be opened.—Yours, etc.,

Bedford

R. TEMPLE,

Hon. Secretary,  
The Panacea Society

[Mr. A. P. Ryan writes: I sincerely apologise to all members of the Panacea Society. I am sorry that the box I remembered having been opened between the wars was the wrong box]

### English Music at the Proms

Sir,—I am sorry to spoil Mr. Thompson's fun, but when I wrote 'xylophone' I meant 'xylophone' and not vibra-, sarruso-, mega-gramo-, nor even tele- phone. If Mr. Thompson will refer to the vocal score of 'Spring Symphony', he will see on page 2, bar 5, and in the last bar of page 3 the 'icicle chords' hanging from the leger-lines and marked 'xylo'. None the less, Mr. Thompson is to be congratulated on the ingenuity of his rhymes, though he was 'futhing' about nothing.—Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Penns in the Rocks

Trespassing here two years ago  
(Is it the child, too shy to knock,  
That teaches the man such strategies?)  
I saw the low rampart of the rock  
Suddenly, crouched beneath the trees.  
A woodman's saw ripped up the peace,  
Touched off a woodcock. None would know:

None know what subterfuge of thought,  
What obstinate instinct drew me up  
Out of the woods that August day.  
The bailiff kept his house; no pup  
Snapped at my heels to say me nay.  
Had not the strange dogs ceased to bay  
When poetry drove them out of court?

Yeats, Turner, de la Mare—the stone  
Plaque in the garden temple told  
How these imaginative men  
Struck from these mineral fields a gold  
Image of passing glory when  
Song was their common regimen,  
Byzantium still within the bone.

What did I trespass on? A reign  
Kinder than this? I cannot tell:  
For each from his own inheritance  
Chooses the heaven or the hell,

Shaping from daily circumstance  
Patterns beyond the freaks of chance,  
A weather beyond the swinging vane.

Happy, perhaps, that Irish man,  
Loving an aristocratic clime,  
Died in the nick of fame before  
Wealth, privilege and lofty rhyme  
Foundered in democratic war.  
His age was done; we, being poor,  
Strike a new bargain if we can.

Therefore, I did not come to find  
A ghost that day—'Horseman, pass by!'—  
But something a ghost undoes the clock  
To learn: the first philosophy.  
Even the man too shy to knock  
May stumble upon that hidden rock,  
Outcrops of innocence in the mind.

J. C. HALL

## Kestrel

Kestrel, king of small hawks, moreover  
Keenest of sight, blind wings you shake,  
Pinned on the sky, and, quivering, hover

High over prey. A gloom you make  
Hang from one point in changing time  
On grass. Below you seawaves break

Rebellious, casting rhyme on rhyme  
Vainly against the craggy world  
From whose black death the ravens climb.

Stand then in storm; see fragments whirled  
And pitched by waters to a place  
Where wave on wave in mockery hurled

Shake the great sea-rock from its base.  
And still the inviolate wing and claw  
Hold chaos in the grip of grace.

High on the rock's grass verge you saw  
Your quarry. You above that rock  
Hung by inscrutable, patient law,

Motionless. Then you plunged, a block  
Between that headland and the sky  
Hiding you. Stalling in their flock

The startled herring-gulls gave cry,  
Sprung from a sea of beaten flame.  
Bird of my wrist, inspired you fly.

Who dares to think the storm untame  
Can hurt or master you whom I,  
Gathering the doom of all who die,  
Uplift, in every age, the same?

VERNON WATKINS



## Art

# Masterpieces of Romanesque Sculpture

By GEORGE ZARNECKI

PROFESSOR SAXL'S sudden death in 1948 was a great loss to scholarship and particularly to English art history. Ever since he arrived in this country in 1933 he devoted much of his energy and talents to the study of English medieval sculpture, and his profound knowledge of continental art enabled him to make an especially valuable assessment of it. The decision of the Warburg Institute to edit his unpublished works is therefore most welcome.

Saxl's material on English twelfth-century sculpture was in the form of lectures but at the time of his death he had dummies of two books which he planned to publish. One was on French and English seals, the other on English monumental sculpture of the twelfth century. Dr. Swarzenski, in editing the material, has combined the two books into one\*, leaving out French seals.

Much has been written recently on English art of the twelfth century, including sculpture, and thus the aim of the original books as set out in the preface—to awaken an interest in English Romanesque sculpture—has lost much of its urgency. The method adopted by the author was to make a selection of the best works and on their example to outline the main stylistic changes in English sculpture. The works thus selected are: the York Virgin, the Chichester reliefs, the Crucifixion at Barking, the sculptures of the west front of Lincoln Cathedral, the porch of Malmesbury Abbey, some sculptures from Durham Cathedral, the 'Doom' in York Minster, the Kellog Cross and the Christ in Majesty in Worcester Cathedral. All these sculptures are illustrated by photographs which are beyond all praise. They include some striking details which are alone sufficient to achieve the aim Saxl set himself in his book.

The emphatic belief of both the author and the editor that 'English sculpture is derived from the continental mainstream' results in their bringing into the discussion many continental parallels. This comparative material is richly illustrated in the text and there are eight pages of erudite notes by Dr. Swarzenski. The short section on seals is brilliant and opens up new possibilities for the study of English medieval art. English seals are often of exquisite quality and because they can in many cases be dated very accurately they can be a great help in dating monumental sculpture.

In every book dealing with changes in artistic styles it is essential to establish a sound chronology of the works discussed, otherwise the picture will be completely distorted. Unluckily, most English Romanesque sculptures are undated and therefore one should seek every help from contemporary sources, from the history of the buildings for which the sculptures were made and also from comparable works of known date. Unfortunately the seals included in the book do not help in dating the sculptures discussed in it, although Dr. Swarzenski believes

that in one instance it is possible to do so. He uses the seals of the Bishops of Durham for assigning the figures which originally supported the vaulting of the Chapter House of Durham Cathedral to c. 1150. However, it is known from contemporary documents that the Chapter House was built between 1133 and 1140.

It is equally difficult to agree with most other dates suggested in the book and there are some striking disagreements in the dates proposed by the author and those of the editor. For instance in discussing the

Lincoln sculptures Professor Saxl saw 'no reason to assume that they were not all created roughly between 1165 and 1180,' while Dr. Swarzenski puts them between 1192 and 1200. Neither of these suggestions is convincing. The see of Lincoln was vacant from 1166 to 1183 and not only was no work carried out during that time but, on the contrary, the church fell into disrepair. Dr. Swarzenski attributes the Lincoln frieze to the time of Bishop Hugh of Avalon (1186-1200; the dates given on page 57 as 1192-1200 are an obvious mistake). He states: 'Since Bishop Hugh came from Avalon and St. Lazarus is the patron saint of that town, it may perhaps be advanced as a hypothesis that it was St. Hugh who introduced the Lazarus theme into the Lincoln cycle'. Unfortunately for this hypothesis the birth-place of St. Hugh was the castle of Avalon near Grenoble and not Avallon in north-western Burgundy. The generally accepted view is that the Lincoln frieze is the work of Bishop Alexander the Magnificent (1123-1148) and that it was made during the last years of his life. Both stylistically and historically such a date is the most probable.

In spite of the late date suggested for the Lincoln frieze by Dr. Swarzenski he sees, quite

rightly, some stylistic links between Lincoln and Malmesbury, dating this last, however, to between 1150 and 1160. Here again the date is arrived at on purely stylistic grounds, disregarding the architectural evidence for a later date and a document of 1163 referring to the future consecration of the building.

The great value of the book rests, however, on the fascinating stylistic interpretation of sculptures and also on bringing into the discussion excellent and mostly continental comparative material. In many cases the parallels are indeed striking and they throw much new light on the artistic interrelation between England and the Continent. After reading this book one realises more than ever how much, in spite of its individual features, English sculpture of the twelfth century is part of an artistic movement that embraced almost the whole of Europe. There can be no doubt that this book is a major contribution to our knowledge of Romanesque art and, being so controversial on many points, will stimulate a great deal of discussion. It will certainly be enjoyed by everyone who takes an interest in beautiful things.



Two Apostles: detail from the south porch of Malmesbury Abbey  
From 'English Sculptures of the Twelfth Century'

\* *English Sculptures of the Twelfth Century*, By F. Saxl. Edited by Hanns Swarzenski. Faber, 50s.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Ribbentrop Memoirs.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

THESE MEMOIRS were written in four weeks, during the period that elapsed between the author's appearance before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg and his sentence of death. Now, nearly eight years after their completion, they are published in English, with footnotes by Frau von Ribbentrop and an introduction by Mr. Alan Bullock, the distinguished biographer of Hitler. Four chapters, spanning the period from Ribbentrop's childhood to the end of his London Embassy, are complete. The remaining five, which take the story from his appointment as Reich Foreign Minister to the collapse of Germany, are in draft form. Mr. Bullock makes the understatement of the week when he remarks that 'Ribbentrop wrote, of course, under considerable difficulties. He was on trial for his life and badly shaken by the experience of defeat, disgrace and imprisonment'. It appears that the fallen Foreign Minister had access to few records. He wrote largely from memory, and had little opportunity to reconsider or revise what he had written. As a result, the memoirs are a mere fragment, and, from the circumstances in which they were written, it was inevitable that they should take the form of an apologia.

Ribbentrop met Hitler in the middle of 1932. 'At this very first meeting Adolf Hitler impressed me very strongly, and I was convinced that only he and his party could save Germany from Communism'. The ease with which Ribbentrop succumbed to the spell, and the reasons he gives for it, are a measure of his character and mental power. Of Hitler's turgid and muddy monologues, Ribbentrop remarks: 'Both his thoughts and words . . . were simple and clear, and therefore convincing'. But if it was the strength of Hitler's personality that dominated Ribbentrop, it was Ribbentrop's apparent knowledge of the west, and in particular of England, that intrigued Hitler. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, Hitler shared to the full the lower-middle-class German's admiration for the political genius of the English. The *Weltreich* dazzled him. 'It was the harmony of our views about England which . . . created the seed of confidence between Hitler and myself . . . Hitler could not hear enough about England'. In the second place, Ribbentrop saw 'that Hitler was fanatically resolved to destroy Communism for good'. In other words, an understanding with England would give Germany, besides a few 'readjustments' in central Europe and perhaps a colony or two, what Hitler above all wanted—a free hand in the east.

For three years, Ribbentrop played the role of ambassador-at-large, his chief task being to win sympathy for Nazi Germany in London and Paris, particularly in the former. An early success, the Anglo-German naval agreement, encouraged him in his belief in the efficacy of 'contacts'—for his was essentially the diplomacy of oysters and champagne. He wasted much time and energy in winning the vague goodwill of eminent persons; he had high hopes, for example, of King Edward VIII and the Archbishop of Canterbury. On occasion he writes like the tired diplomatic correspondent who can think up no better trick than the attribution of his own views to notional 'influential circles'. He saw too late the simple fact that, in spite of the hesitations of Baldwin and the weakness of Chamberlain, England was not prepared to concede the hegemony of Europe to Nazi

Germany or any other Germany; and it took the tragedies of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and the British guarantee to Poland (all of which he completely misrepresents or misunderstands) to make him see it. When he finally saw it, he turned in disappointment to Russia. Having failed to obtain the understanding with England that was an essential prelude to an attack on Russia, he turned to Moscow to break England's encirclement of Germany!

Ribbentrop makes no bones about it. 'To seek a settlement with Russia was my very own idea', and a very comprehensive settlement it was. Of the Moscow meeting, he writes: 'the spheres of influence in the countries between Germany and Russia were defined, Finland, together with the greater part of the Baltic States and Bessarabia, being allotted to the Russian sphere. In the event of an armed conflict between Germany and Poland a "line of demarcation" was agreed upon . . . running along the Vistula, the San and the Bug'. This settlement so exactly foreshadowed subsequent events that it is difficult to believe Ribbentrop's protestation that when he set out for Moscow he 'knew nothing of the Fuehrer's alleged intention to attack Poland'.

During the war, Ribbentrop's standing in Germany slowly declined. We hear once more, from yet another angle, of the internal dissensions that did so much to hamper the German war effort. Ribbentrop had to fight at least five separate domestic wars. He was plagued by the activity of the overseas Germans' organisations prompted by Hess. He fought Goebbels for the control of German propaganda in foreign countries. He was caused grave difficulties with the Vatican by Bormann's anti-clerical campaigns. He saw civilised opinion outraged everywhere by Himmler's persecution of the Jews. Finally, his Russian policy, such as it was, was prejudiced by Rosenberg's Ministry for Eastern Affairs. In notes of despair, Ribbentrop cries out against the 'veritable mania for prominent men to take a hand in foreign affairs', and one would sympathise with him but for his own indulgence of this same vice. In earlier years, his freelance diplomacy in London and Paris did much to undermine the established German Foreign Service under Baron von Neurath, which might well have given Hitler sounder advice on British and French attitudes.

## Livingstone's Travels

Edited by James I. Macnair.

Dent. 21s.

David Livingstone's own accounts of his travels in Africa were published in three bulky works, two of which have long been out of print. It was therefore a happy thought to seek their revival by condensing them into a single volume of moderate size, pleasingly printed and with some good illustrations. The passages reproduced have been well chosen to bring out the greatness of Livingstone's achievements as an explorer, the diversity of his interests, and the value of his scientific observations. The editor's connecting remarks, and Dr. R. Miller's geographical descriptions, help to give the book a unity that might otherwise have been lacking.

However, one's pleasure at having so readable a version of Livingstone 'in his own words' is lessened by some unhappy mistakes in the editing. Perhaps only pedants might object that Sebetwane was not 'of Barotse extraction' (page 406), that 'Bechuana Protectorate' (page 23) is really 'Bechuanaland Protectorate', and that the Royal Geographical Society's gift to Living-

stone after his discovery of Lake Ngami was twenty-five guineas, not 'twenty pounds' (page 30). But although we are told that 'some liberty has been taken with the text', surely the liberty is too great when Livingstone's 'grandfather' becomes his 'father' (page 4, line 2), and when the original 'On land the Makololo fear the Makololo; on water the Makololo fear them', is transformed (page 60) into 'On land the Makololo fear the Makololo; on water the latter are stronger'? Such elegant variations as 'the Explorer', 'the Doctor', 'the Missionary', and even 'the Leader', also occur sufficiently often to be mildly irritating. Livingstone deserved better treatment from the chairman of his Scottish National Memorial.

## The Proustian Vision

By Milton Hindus. Oxford. 32s.

*The Proustian Vision* is divided into airtight essays on the aesthetics, philosophy, psychology, sociology, and ethics—of whom? Certainly not of the Proust who lived at 102 Boulevard Haussmann, sleeping in the daytime and staying awake at night, dining out in a wadded overcoat or sitting up in bed in several layers of dirty woollens. To study this Proust (who nevertheless wrote the novel) one would have to consult not only his fictions but his facts, in his letters and the reminiscences of the friends to whom he sent them; and Professor Hindus is curiously convinced that some other Proust wrote *A la Recherche*. But if the writer is to be abstracted from the man, it would be dangerous to seek him in the narrator of *A la Recherche*, who is, as Professor Hindus often says but oftener forgets, a very different person from his creator. If we look for the writer in the novel as a whole, we are doubtless nearer the truth, but even here the ambiguity remains; for every word is supposed to be written by this fictitious narrator, and reflects his peculiarities: he is of Gentile birth, sexually normal, idle, naïf, and unable to believe, until he has lived through twelve volumes, that he is going to be a writer.

The fact is that Proust, like every great artist, speaks for himself only in the one thing which he does not and must not say outright—in the hidden purpose of his work. To this purpose his aesthetics, ethics and the rest will be functional and subordinate, and if they are artificially isolated from it, as by Professor Hindus, they will tell the strangest halftruths and untruths: that in his aesthetics he maintains the superiority of art to nature, in his philosophy he is a pessimist, in his psychology he gives so many alternative explanations for the same act because he does not know the right one, in his sociology he is 'debunking the upper classes', and in his ethics he is repeating, like a good little boy, what his dead parents told him. But if we see these aspects in their relation to the central idea of the novel they will tell a very different story.

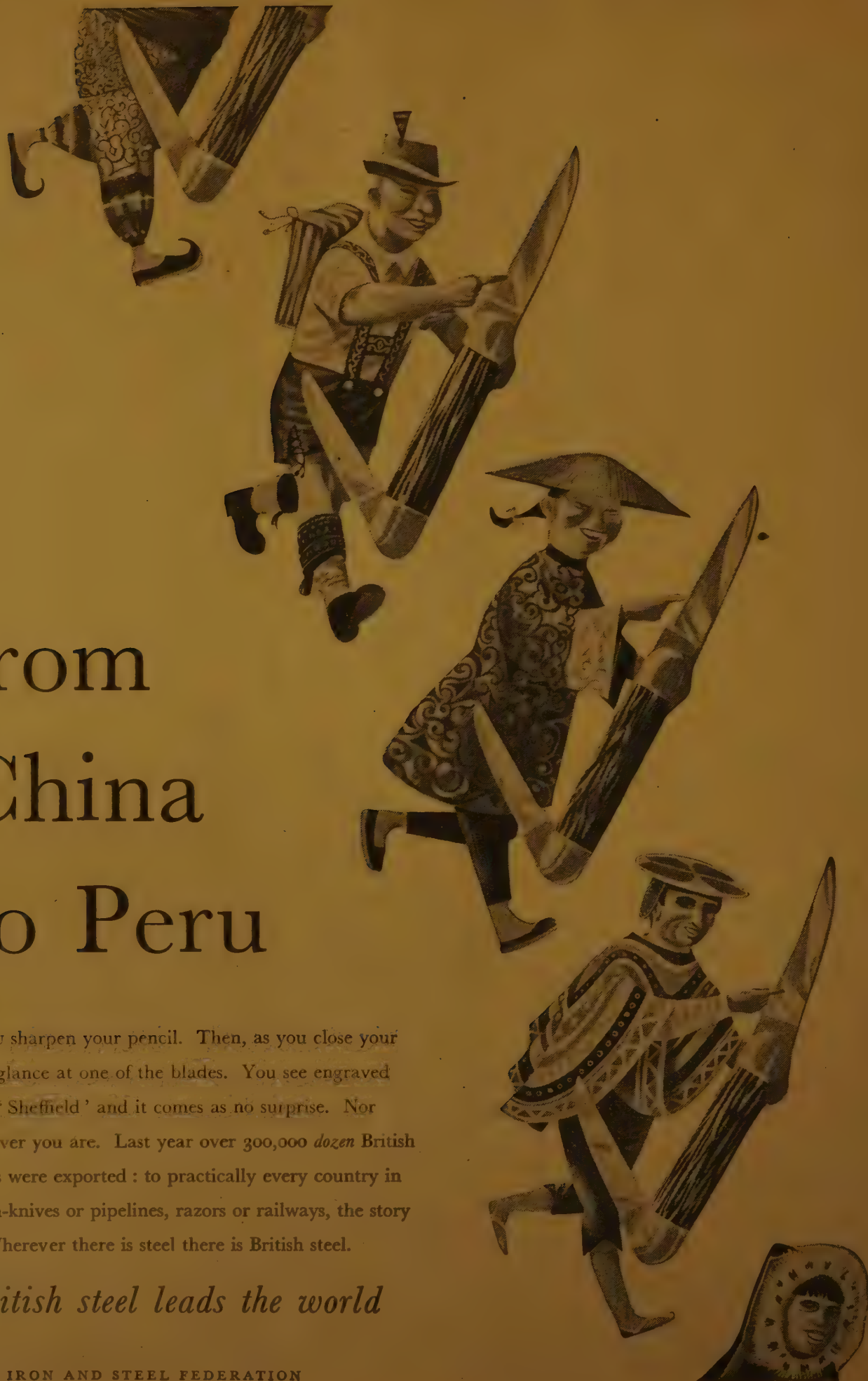
The narrator as a child is informed, by mysterious intuitions and feelings of ecstasy, that behind the surface reality of things and people lies a greater reality which is to be the quest and justification of his whole life. He seeks it in places (Combray, Balbec, Venice), art (Bergotte, Elstir, Vinteuil), love (Gilberte, the Duchesse de Guermantes, Albertine) and society (as when he expects to see in the empty Duchess 'the orange light of the syllable-antes'). The final revelation comes only when he has abandoned all these and his hopes in them: for Time has to be lost before it can be regained.



# from China to Peru

**Y**ou sharpen your pencil. Then, as you close your pen-knife, you glance at one of the blades. You see engraved on it the word 'Sheffield' and it comes as no surprise. Nor should it wherever you are. Last year over 300,000 *dozen* British steel pen-knives were exported : to practically every country in the world. Pen-knives or pipelines, razors or railways, the story is the same. Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

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And yet, outside Time, his illusions have become valid again: Gilberte is still a little girl in the garden at Tansonville, the Duchess is a bird of paradise, Albertine walks for ever along the seawall, and he possesses all they ever promised him. Love and snobism were, after all, symbols, however fallacious, of the truth he has found. Art, which could do no more than tell him that others had found what he sought, is now his kingdom; but it is still not superior to nature. To Proust the importance of art is that it restores to nature (which for him includes the whole world of things and people, vision and experience) the eternal reality which Habit the would-be destroyer has seemed to wear away. Art is only one of several means (for there are also virtue and suffering) by which Time lost is regained; and Proust's novel, like every other great work of the imagination, records an experience which is more important than the novel itself, more important even than art itself, since it is the end of which art is only the means and the medium.

Professor Hindus has mistaken Proust's means for ends; he should have asked not 'What are they?' but 'What are they for?' But his book is not entirely lacking in the Proustian vision that is its subject: the authentic light of Proust's world is admitted into the grey shrine of academic criticism through his exquisitely chosen quotations from *A la Recherche*, which shine like the window of Gilbert le Mauvais in the church of Saint-Hilaire at Combray.

### Restoration 'Carnival': a Biography- Anthology of the Courtier Poets By V. De Sola Pinto. The Folio Society. 18s.

The verse of the Restoration court wits is not easy to come by. Of this 'Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease', Rochester alone has got much serious attention from editors and biographers. There is one modern edition of Sedley, but the poems of Etherege and Dorset have not been reprinted since the eighteenth century, and those of Sheffield only partially. The anthologies do not help much: of the eighteen poems by which the group is represented in *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*, for instance, thirteen are by Rochester and Sedley, and Sheffield does not appear. Professor Pinto has already published editions and lives of Rochester and Sedley; in this 'biography-anthology' he now brings together between eighty and ninety poems in which all five poets are fairly represented, Sheffield having the least space with a dozen poems.

Professor Pinto makes no extravagant claims on behalf of these courtier poets, except perhaps Rochester; on the whole he allows the poems to speak for themselves, and provides only such helps to understanding as explanations of topical references and glosses on obsolete words. His selection will enable every reader to order his own balance between the adulation lavished on these poets in their own age and the all but total neglect that they have since suffered. Undoubtedly Rochester is the dominating personality. He has an imaginative power and a depth of thought denied to the rest, and his strange, disturbed genius must always win and hold our interest. Sparkling in lyric, witty and trenchant in satire, he is a poet who would be impressive by the standards of any age. His poetic worth has received its recognition in the honourable place that he now finds in anthologies.

Of the other four it is difficult to speak in such positive terms. They all have moments of felicity and originality, but inevitably they suffer from juxtaposition with Rochester. Unlike him, they scarcely ever delve below the surface-life of their age; they are too much concerned with scandal in high life, and with the love-

affairs and the drinking in which they exerted themselves so strenuously in their salad days. Only rarely do they startle the reader into that feeling of surprised delight which it is one of the functions of fine poetry to bestow. Yet at its best their verse has considerable charm. The pretty-pretty of the pastoral convention, when they use it, as they often do, is tempered with the robust spirit of the broadside ballad, and their satire is witty and good-natured. And occasionally, even outside the selection from Rochester, there is a real treasure, such as Dorset's altogether engaging naval song, 'To all you ladies now at land'.

Professor Pinto's short biographies are one of the most interesting and valuable features of the book. Every one knows that as young men the court wits led wild and vicious lives, under the indulgent eye of their king. It is well to be reminded that they outgrew their youthful fondness for debauch, that they had qualities more solid than the mere capacity for riotous enjoyment. 'You may read their Education as Gentlemen, as well as Scholars, in their Compositions', said a contemporary. Yes, as poets they were, in the best sense, gentlemen-amateurs; that they were scholars too is evident from the unobtrusive background of learning that is visible in many of their writings, and from the breadth and depth of their literary interests. Etherege was primarily a dramatist. Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* was dedicated to Dorset, and he and Sedley figure in this famous critical dialogue as Eugenius and Lisideus. All of them were men of varied attainments. Rochester died young, but the other four had more or less distinguished lives as diplomats or politicians; and Rochester, Dorset, and Sheffield fought in naval engagements with the Dutch. In enabling us to see them as fully rounded personalities, Professor Pinto has done them and us good service.

Finally, a word of praise for the volume as a piece of book-production. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with ornaments and initials from Plantin's *Index Characterum*, and its cover-design is a delight to the eye. Altogether it is a most agreeable book to possess.

### Wild Flowers

By John Gilmour and Max Walters.  
New Naturalist Series. Collins. 25s.

'Whether presenting a bouquet of flowers with courteous smile to his lady-love, or moralising as he hangs over the topmost turret of some princely ruin, to pluck a sweet gem that smiles amidst the desolation there, like an iridean tinge upon a dark cloud, the Botanical Looker-Out is ever at home'. So, in 1842, wrote Edwin Lees, the author of a quite respectable botanical handbook to the Malvern Hills. In *Wild Flowers*, Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Walters join company to conduct the twentieth-century Botanical Looker-Out on a voyage of discovery in search of our British wild flowers. And what delightful ciceroni they prove to be! Mr. Gilmour is the more poetical companion, Mr. Walters the more prosaic; but both write in clear, straightforward, unpretentious English, carrying the bare minimum of technical jargon.

In one of the opening chapters we are taken back to the earlier explorers of the English countryside—to William Turner herbalising in the sixteenth century in his native Northumberland, to John Gerard in the solitudes of Hampstead Heath, to Thomas Johnson and his companions as they set sail from St. Paul's to Gravesend to discover the Kentish countryside, to the greatest of them all—John Ray—whose many tours resulted in the publication of the first complete descriptive British Flora—*Synopsis Stirpium Britannicarum* (1690). But the bulk of the book is divided into chapters on

woodland and hedgerows, bogs and fens, mountains and moorlands, and the like. The information offered is splendidly diverse: we learn of the uses of plants, of local flower names; we are treated to relevant snatches of Donne, Wordsworth, and Clare; we are told how to pick bluebells and how *not* to pronounce 'clematis'. (Bluebells, incidentally, do *not* suffer by being picked with the whole stalks; damaging, however, is the destruction of the leaves by large parties of pickers walking over them). And in a moment of confidence Mr. Gilmour tells us which is his favourite British wild flower. Surprisingly enough it is the small upright St. John's Wort (*Hypericum pulchrum*); one could put forward some very formidable rivals to this pleasant but unassuming little plant.

This is not a book for the identification of wild flowers; of these there are enough already. But it is a book that every countryman will wish to have upon his shelves, which many a town-dweller will browse in nostalgically and, as he turns the pages, promise himself a ramble some Saturday in the green country lanes. The illustrations of some of the volumes of the New Naturalist Series have in the past received adverse criticism; these seem very good on the whole, and it is difficult to see how any publisher could be expected to provide a finer florilegium at so modest a price.

### Oil in the Middle East. Its Discovery and Development.

By Stephen Hemsley Longrigg.  
Oxford. 25s.

The fantastic growth of the oil industry in countries formerly poverty-stricken and remote from the main currents of world politics is too recent an event for an appreciation of its full significance. The authorities of Chatham House are to be commended for the publication under their auspices of this detailed record, and for entrusting the task to Brigadier Longrigg, who has the triple qualification of long-standing experience of the countries concerned, an intimate knowledge of the oil-industry, and proved skill as a historian. In the resulting volume the specialist will find full information of the activities of the different companies, and of their relations with the governments of the territories in which they operate. The accumulation of statistical facts and the description of the technical installations which serve this vast industry are intended for reference, and the bulk of the book makes somewhat arid reading. The non-specialist will, nevertheless, find much that throws light on matters of more general interest. He will be impressed, for instance, by the figures which illustrate the magnitude of the undertakings and the rapidity of their growth. In 1938, we learn, the world output of crude oil was 270,000,000 tons, of which the Middle East contributed 15,000,000 tons or 5.5 per cent.; the comparable figures for 1952 were 650,000,000 for the world total, and 104,500,000 or 17.2 per cent. for the Middle Eastern contribution, though in that year supplies from Persia were insignificant. In the writer's opinion a Middle Eastern output of 150,000,000 or 250,000,000 tons per year is possible within the next few years.

The results of this sudden impact of industrialisation and undreamt-of wealth on feudal and patriarchal societies, unable to exploit their riches without admitting western technicians and managers, yet intensely suspicious of their influence, cannot yet be calculated, and Brigadier Longrigg has not attempted a detailed analysis. He draws attention to the uneasy relationship between the companies and the local governments and the dangers inherent in the attitude of politicians aspiring to power, who are only too ready to exploit real or fancied grievances.



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His chapters on the Persian problem, still unsolved at the time of writing, describe a classical case of the conflicts engendered by the clash between fanatical nationalism and economic realities. In Iraq also there are disquieting symptoms, and even in Sa'udi Arabia where the government is friendly and co-operative there have been 'awkward and disturbing incidents' with the local public and officialdom. The social

services and amenities provided by British and American companies for the local labour-forces have created welfare-enclaves through which it is hoped to by-pass the social evils of an industrial revolution. But we are not told whether a fair share of the revenue from oil benefits the masses outside the oil areas, either directly or indirectly, by raising standards of living and providing funds for social services. A detailed

study of the effect of this sudden influx of wealth on the life of the people is much needed. The main problem for the future is to bridge the gap between western technocracy and a society anxious to preserve its traditional values, and to convince peoples and governments that healthy co-operation with the western intruders can ensure their prosperity without endangering their independence.

## New Novels

*Swamp Angel*. By Ethel Wilson. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

*The White Sparrow*. By John Moore. Collins. 10s. 6d.

*Photo Finish*. By Howard Mason. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

*The Soldier at the Door*. By Edith Pargeter. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

A RECOGNISABLE symbol is always a self-conscious device. The novel is itself symbolic, a liberation of the mind from the will. To burden it with an obviously contrived centre is to diminish imaginative freedom: we may think it is cleverly done, but this is the response of the intellect, not the soul, and intellectual symbols are more appropriate to algebra. The mathematics of the novel should be concealed. Nothing is more inimical to art than the sight of a novelist using his brains.

In Ethel Wilson's *Swamp Angel* we are so busy puzzling out what her defined symbol may mean that the imagination is left out in the cold. This symbol is a revolver known as a 'Swamp Angel', after a gun mounted in a swamp by the Federals at the siege of Charleston. It is the plaything of old Mrs. Severance, who long ago used it in her juggling act. To her it is a reminder of past years of activity; to her daughter Hilda it represents vagabond parents, childhood loneliness, the taunts of schoolfellows—'Her mother's a juggler! Her mother's a juggler!' But what it means to the central character, Maggie Vardoe, is not clear, though she too seems closely bound to it.

The story opens in Vancouver at the moment when Maggie is about to leave her second husband. She escapes to the mountains of British Columbia, where she becomes a cook at a lake fishing lodge and finds in contact with nature the security she has missed in marriage. Her only friends back in Vancouver are old Mrs. Severance and Hilda, and the tale shifts from one group to the other, interweaving them in interest, hinting at spiritual connections stronger than those exposed.

Mrs. Wilson, a Canadian writer, wields a quick, spare prose, sometimes so closely modelled on William Faulkner that it reads like pastiche:

And now look into this terrible gulf that had opened between the time that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vardoe were married (to everyone's surprise), and came west—and this very night when Edward had sat in front of Mrs. Severance, and was driving home from the show in terrified obedience just as, once, he used to retreat from a tongue-lashing from old Macgregor when he—Eddie Vardoe—was just the boy in the store; poor boy.

The last two words indicate the weakness that turns what seems at first a significant book into an embarrassingly Significant Book. An inconstant overflow of emotional softness makes us aware of the author's feeling personality, which should be outside the book and has no business to intrude. Much of the novel is fine and memorable. The opening scene is superb; the hinted relationships are often excitingly suggestive. This makes it all the more disappointing when the author slumps to trite scenes and the homely characterisations of glossy fiction.

The symbol in John Moore's *The White Sparrow* also gives the book its title. Though

there is no obscurity here, I cannot help feeling that the novel would have been better without it; or at least with less insistence on this central symbol. A sudden flash of light is always more brilliant than a prolonged glare. As a symbol, its strength lies not merely in its appropriateness but in its position as the peak of a series of symbols integrated into the story, such as the performing bear killed by the miners of Ruardean 'because, goodness, 'twas an unnatural animal to see walking down the street in broad daylight'. The white sparrow, doomed because it behaves as though it were brown, symbolises our hero, Tommy Debrett, a brown boy who behaves as though he were white. Tommy, who lives in a Wye village near the Forest of Dean, is the son of a Negro father and a white mother. He lives the normal life of a country child, unsuspecting, but when he grows and falls in love with Gillian Tansy, his childhood playmate from next door, he finds that he too, in the eyes of the neighbours, is an unnatural animal to see walking down the street.

The trouble with Mr. Moore, from the critic's point of view, is that he refuses to be taken apart. His prose, his characters, his scenes, his country background—all are alive and relevant to each other, so that the whole book, diverse as it is in incident, achieves a solid unity of interest and impression. And what a delightful impression it is. The pathos of Tommy's awakening becomes part of a greater vitality which is the spring of joy in an imperfect world. From the start Mr. Moore strikes a note of humour which is sustained as a counterpoint to the personal tragedy of the hero. Each character in turn seems to fill the horizon, and I enjoyed especially the touching relationship between Tommy and his boisterous and forgiving sailor father, dusky Cholmondeley Debrett, a man who understands his son because he has spent his whole life in the same predicament. There are so many good things here, but best of all is the blessed anonymity of the author, the wide-eyed subtlety of his donation.

If the Missing Atomic Scientist theme were treated by Ealing Studios the result would be something like *Photo Finish* by Howard Mason. It is all here, complete to pursuit by police cars. Even more complete: Mr. Mason throws in police launches as well. Professor Spiegel disappears from the Atomic Energy Research Establishment with precious scientific data. He bungles his end of the escape arrangements and is still in the district when Porlock, a Private Secretary from the Ministry of Research Co-ordination, arrives to investigate. Eventually, after a mad series of complications, Porlock finds himself in a Land Rover, together with an attractive girl, the village constable, and a small boy, in furious pursuit of a removal van which contains Spiegel, sinister spies, and a racehorse. This book is accurately described as a 'light-hearted frolic'. Mr. Mason is inventive and

witty without being unkind. His digs at civil servants, M.I.5, and even the Cabinet are meant to draw laughs, not blood.

Edith Pargeter is not only a good writer, she is also a brave one. *The Soldier at the Door* stands an excellent chance of being chosen by Church and State as the most offensive novel of the year. In a society which silently acquiesces, which hopefully believes that 'They' know best, Miss Pargeter dares to assert the right of the individual to determine his own fate. She, at least, will not be silent. The book opens with a section called 'The Victims' which describes, in every detail of horror, the deaths of several young conscripts in different troubled areas on the same day in May 1953. Private Jack Parrish dies in agony in Korea; his North Korean assailant also dies; a French conscript is killed in Indo-China; a British soldier falls in Malaya; another is knifed in Egypt; a Chinese boy is shot in Burma.

News of her son's death reaches Mrs. Parrish in a Midland town. She is an extraordinary person; she will not take for granted what the community as a whole seems to take for granted—that the State has a right to conscript young men against their will, to kill and be killed. She sets out to discover why this is possible. She is detached, not moved by personal grief but honestly and ruthlessly inquisitive—'I'm not asking for any miracles, I'm just trying to understand what's going on, for a lot of other people besides me'. Who will answer her? She tries the Rector and her M.P. They give the usual assurances about God's will and the country's good, but she turns their answers back on them and they are left mute, morally shaken. The M.P. has a son who is approaching the age for military service, and this boy becomes involved in Mrs. Parrish's quest for enlightenment, a quest which returns to the priest and the politician and compels them to examine their utterances and thoughts and behaviour. Eventually the boy, uncommitted socially, cleaves innocently through the hypocrisy that surrounds him, 'the unchristianity of Christendom, the insincerity of political ideals, the corrupted and compromised virtue of adaptable man'.

Those are strong words, but they come from the heart of a strong book, a novel which is completely devoid of what Miss Pargeter calls 'the incense of sentimentality'. The characters are real but representative, strangely dual creatures, individuals of flesh and blood but at the same time spiritual types who move with classical intensity through this monody. This is that most suspect of literary works—the novel with a purpose. It succeeds because nobility of purpose is matched by nobility of style and feeling is everywhere subordinate to artistic detachment. Passion is kept under control, but it vibrates with sufficient compulsion to make one aware that this book *had* to be written.

IDRIS PARRY



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

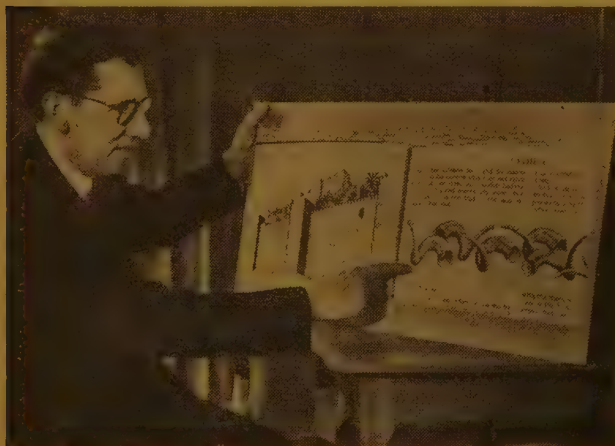
Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Holiday Offerings

WHY ONE AUTHOR, and not another, should be encouraged to address the B.B.C.'s millions on the subject of his latest book is a more provocative question than: When did the English sense of humour become established as something vaguely like good sportsmanship? That, we were



The Rev. E. H. Robertson in 'The Epilogue' on August 15

told on television the other evening, is the gist of a new work by Stephen Potter (*One-upmanship*, etc.). Leaving out the perhaps unworthy advertising suspicion, many viewers will agree that Stephen Potter's programme redeemed an otherwise ineffectual television series. 'Authors in Focus' evidently suffered from an internal disorder, to which it has succumbed. Its thoughtful producer, Paul Johnstone, has given us some good television moments. Here, it seems, something went wrong in the beginning. Stephen Potter showed how it should have been done, too late. He set a pattern which should be repeated.

Not many of his samples of wit and humour were risibly stimulating, it is true. Advertisements as by-gones are rarely more than mildly amusing, foibles of a dried-up age. It can fairly be said that the programme was more successful in application than in thesis. There were one or two effects that may have been positively rehearsed: the deliberate reflective drawing at a cigarette, pointed ceilingward, and so on. They were assurances of a self-command about as complete as any that one remembers in the 'talks' category of television. It was a relief to watch a programme being borne so lightly along its course by a real personality and not one assumed for the occasion. A useful B.B.C. reference source, *Television Broadcasting News*, states that Potter was last on television in 1950. A show of hands, please, for the proposition that we should not be made to wait another four years for his next appearance.

There might have been inspiration in inviting him to do the commentary for television's visit to Battersea Funfair and not only because his voice would have penetrated the coexistent noises more surely than either Raymond Baxter's or Stephen Wade's; the latter's, especially, was a little too thin for the circumstances. Once again

the term 'commentator' was made to seem the misnomer that it is for these discursive forays. It implies more than casual reporting, certainly more than an amiable recapitulation of the events on the screen, which is approximately television's present definition of the job. By that standard Messrs. Baxter and Wade did well enough. A witty commentator, playing over the Battersea scene, might have extracted from it some of the fun the cameras missed in their fight to get the pictures. Almost he would have had to be a Gogol to discover the comic and the lovable in the crowds which gaped at us from every side. Their curiosity was tolerable, their thoughtlessness not. It is now time that the Television Service undertook some propaganda about a kind of interference beyond the reach of mechanical suppressors. As for the Funfair, I went to Battersea the next afternoon to see for myself that the possibilities of off-the-peg pleasure had been far from amply exploited by the programme.

As a less frivolous holiday offering, there was 'Look', telling how to see more than we ordinarily manage to do when paddling in the rock pools or exploring the countryside, an elementary concoction in most of its aspects and visually attractive in all of them. Our television natural history programmes are obviously planned to catch the attention of the widest possible viewing audience, with the accent on the junior generations. Offhand I do not recall one that was seriously adult. Julian Huxley showed us some excellent material but spoke down to us, regrettably, a fault which, equally regrettably, he has apparently been given no chance to cure. George Cansdale, who was with

us again last Saturday night, rarely displays the deeper knowledge which one assumes him to have. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald is always instructive and yet one feels that he, too, is under orders not to pitch his discourse above the eleven-plus level of comprehension. Most of these programmes would fit neatly into Children's Hour and it is disconcerting to find that some of them do. Sound radio's excellent 'Country Questions' has had no challenge from television. I wish that it had.

Test cricket viewing was thwarted by the weather and one had a feeling of being an isolated unit in an abnormally small viewing audience. The county cricket scores in 'Sport-view' strike me as wasted effort, tending to hold up the pace of a production which usually moves spankingly along. Saturday afternoon's athletics from the White City Stadium had the advantage of sun at last, and the cameras brought us lots of good pictures of gamesmanship at its best.

It did not occur to me that the commotion at the back of the bus in the King's Road, Chelsea, made a preface to the 'Viewfinder' programme on Ireland which came on later that evening. Three Irishmen, one drunk, the others manifesting towards him the noisy benevolence of a less advanced stage of conviviality, were arguing with the tired-looking, elderly conductor. Above the wearisome reiterations of misunderstanding, an exasperated female voice shrielled forth: 'Why don't you go back where you belong? We never asked you to come here!' This produced a remarkable Irish silence, broken when one of the Irishmen said to his companions in a loud confidential tone: 'I tell you, these pa'ple are all right!'

Aidan Crawley's interviewing excursion to Ireland yielded nothing so reassuring as that.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Sound Barrier

ONE OF THE commonest pieces of cant is that if only we could all understand each other's languages there would be no misunderstandings. A quarter of a century of American talking pictures having inured a whole rising generation to the speech of the United States, we find that misunderstanding can persist. Sometimes I wonder if we do not generally get on better with the people whose languages we do not understand at all and whose meanings, conveyed by an interpreter or by some stately inclinations, flower in the imagination. It is often good not to understand too well.

Happy instances spring to mind—and I set aside for the time being that American religious film 'Honesty', my liking of which so much surprised Mr. Pound. Incidentally, all I said was that I found it interesting—and indeed I did. I further thought that it would 'do good' precisely because it was so American. Just as part of the success of the American evangelist Dr. Billy Graham was due to the fact that he preached in the accents of Gary Cooper, so a preaching film where the characters cried 'Aw, shucks, junior!' and all the rest of it, is likely to sink more deeply into a British audience today than any film couched in any of the several class-labelled accents of our own land. As I have had occasion to remark before, the American tongue has for the British people become a



Knitting fashions of the nineteen-twenties compared with those of today in 'Home and Leisure' on August 11.





'The Shadow of the Glen' on August 11, with (left to right) Eric Ferguson as Dan Burke, Liam Gaffney as the Tramp, Siobhan McKenna as Nora Burke, and Stephen Boyd as Michael Dara

valuable *lingua franca*. Old gentlemen may bewail the fact, but fact it is.

Other sorts of language, stage 'Oirish', Dylan Thomas 'look you' Welsh-English, the (to me) unreadable Lowland tongue which Rabbie Burns spake, to say nothing of the languages which we half understand, like French, each wakes in different hearers a thousand chords, a thousand resistances. Usually the lesser known, however (such is my point), the better liked. Angels must smile to see a London first-night audience drinking in Molière when the Comédie Française visits us. Eyes sparkle, mouths are stretched in glee, and if some of the finer jokes find no echo, when someone says something we can all follow, like '*Quelle heure est-il?*', the whole house rocks for minutes together.

A shipboard acquaintance I recall once told me that she had much enjoyed a play by Shakespeare she had seen ('Macbeth', it proved) but had found 'the language terribly affected'. Honest point of view, at least. And I find myself echoing her this week. Try as I may I cannot attune my ear lovingly to Synge-song. 'The Shadow of the Glen' is rightly accepted as a minor masterpiece; the characters in it grow in a way few of the characters in Mr. MacCormick's play cycle, 'The Promised Years' have grown. And the situation itself is worthy of Boccaccio, if not in fact taken, like the similar *Gianni Schicchi*, straight out of *The Decameron* (which of course we mustn't read any more). The idea of the husband, an apparent corpse, starting alive again and catching out his wife with her lover is delightful and theatrically surprising, but like the boat-deck lady and 'Macbeth', I could not really hear the play for the language. However, let me praise the playing, which was ripe and authentic. Siobhan McKenna, Eric Ferguson as the corpse revitalised, Stephen Boyd as Mike, and Liam Gaffney as the Tramp were all at home in this cottage, and Chloë Gibson produced, as it seemed to me, affectionately.

Earlier in the week we had another installment of the 'You Are There' game; an effort to give *L'Affaire Dreyfus* the works. Forty minutes is all too short a time to encompass

even an outline of that astounding story which rocked society in a way our society can hardly conceive. The only hope was to take a single facet, the retrial at Rennes, and try to expand the story outwards from there. We had interviews with Labori, with General Mercier (whom Philip Stainton made much too grotesquely gross) and with the German ambassador, side views of poor Mme. Dreyfus, and shots of the degraded captain himself (Noel Howlett, quite plausible) 'beginning to understand the sublimity of his role', as Wynford Vaughan Thomas, 'who has gained access to a room overlooking the cell where Dreyfus awaits the verdict', was able to whisper excitedly to us.



'You Are There: The Verdict on Captain Dreyfus' on August 9, with Peter Bathurst (pointing) as Colonel Jouaust, Gilbert Davies (standing, left) as Colonel Maurel, Nicholas Bruce (standing, right) as Captain Freystaetter, and Noel Howlett (seated, right) as Captain Alfred Dreyfus

Many of the impersonations were good enough as raw material for drama to make us wish it were not this rather tiresome hotting-up of history for a dull-witted public, but a real play on which a dramatist's imagination had gone to work.

I shall be reminded, too, that in spite of many attempts to write a proper Dreyfus drama (including one by the late James Agate) the subject has proved intractable. Nevertheless, one recalls Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a fascinating film, and I believe television could do the trick if the right man were found for it. Certainly it would need a skilful dramatist: someone who could give the imaginative 'feel' of the story

without getting bogged down in the factual debate.

Iain MacCormick's tetralogy came to an end with 'Return to the River', and to the home-stead we started from in 'The Liberators' only nine disillusioning years later. Kent (nicely played by Simon Lack) has come back to torment himself about the wiped-out village and finds the Old Adam in new guise; finally being shot, as a kind of belated self-sacrifice. Effectively produced melodrama and, taken with the Korean episode, a sizeable effort to write a real television drama, an effort to be saluted, even where one could not go all the way. Laurence Payne was once more Vincente and lingers in memory.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### The Classical Side

'HA!' SAID MARY WIMBUSH, and we knew all there was to know about 'Kate the curst'. A few seconds later she said 'Huh!' and we knew still more. That was the joy of Peter Watts' revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew' (Home): we could listen intently to the voices as, bit by bit, they stippled in the parts, and the characters grew in the mind's eye: Kate, the tigress who had never known a whip; Petruchio, the tamer, attractive enough (as Kate, obstinate creature, realised very well) for any normal woman to accept without fuss; Baptista, a timid father, who, we felt, wished all the while that his wife were there to handle the situation; the masquerading Tranio, with his lip-wriggling manipulation of vowel sounds; and Christopher Sly, in a genially sozzled daze, wondering what the whole wild business was about, and never for a moment getting it into focus.

Agreed, we have these impressions in the theatre; but we very seldom have a chance to *know* the characters. We get no time to listen. Someone is usually doing the splits, or being thwacked with a joint of beef, or eating with a lute jammed over his head, or helping to execute a Ruggier movement



'Return to the River' on August 15, with (left to right) Simon Lack as Kent, Laurence Payne as Vincente, Ingeborg Wells as Lucia, and John Sharplin as Poldari



## GUINNESS VARIETY PROGRAMME

*Obedient Albert**A Highly Moral Tale*

Young Albert was an orphan lad,  
 No loving parents Albert had ;  
 A maiden Aunt looked after him,  
 And she was very strict and prim.

Till he was twenty-one years old,  
 Young Albert did as he was told ;  
 He read improving kinds of books,  
 And never entered pastry-cooks.

He carried out his Aunt's advice :—  
 "Don't ever eat and drink what's nice  
 (As self-indulgent people do)  
 But only what is good for you."

So once when he went out to dine,  
 He told the waiter : " Bring no wine,  
 No coffee, ginger-beer or tea —  
 Bring something that is good for me."

The waiter bowed and went away,  
 And brought back on a little tray  
 A brimming glass with creamy head ;  
 "This must be what you want," he said.

Young Albert raised it to his lips,  
 And took a few inquiring sips ;  
 And soon a kind of holy joy  
 Lit up the features of the boy.

"What is this beverage ?" he cried ;  
 "Guinness," the serving-man replied ;  
 "Then Guinness " Albert vowed " shall be  
 The only beverage for me ! "

MORAL: *The moral is  
 that even cranks  
 Occasionally  
 earn our thanks.*

LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS



with a pile of books for ball. We cannot think of the people as human; everything is to and fro, off and on, round about, here and there; it is a producer's play, and a producer is anxious, with as much movement and colour and 'business' as possible, to keep things moving and to prevent us from thinking. The dialogue serves, but no more: then let it go until Kate delivers her highly improbable set-piece, and has for five minutes the breathless attention of house and stage. It takes close listening to the 'Shrew' on the air to realise how amply written it is in its rough way; how—when they are divorced from comic business—one can reach the pith of the lines and build a character freshly.

The radio night began properly: Howieson Culfi, as the Lord, brought up the colour of those pictorial speeches, and Norman Shelley produced the voice of a man who—to his great astonishment—was clearly seeing through the bottom of his pint-pot, and into a miraculous, foolish, and uncommonly comfortable world whose people appeared delighted to meet him. So on to the play, to the mad wooing by a Petruchio (Joseph O'Connor), who kept the whole thing cheerful; to the dagger-pointed Kate of Mary Wimbush, and to the general romp in Padua and that country house near by. I liked the mild crackling of Cyril Shaps' Baptista, the crotchets and quavers of John Garside's Gremio, and the odd things that Robert Shaw's Tranio did with the language, especially an adenoidal clipping of the name 'Padua'. (I felt that Mr. Shaw might be an expert sword-swallower). My only two griefs were the toning-down of the furious splutter of Biondello's 'comic Messenger speech', as Mascfield calls it, which can be comic as a furious hissing of sibilants; and the loss of a single poorish line of no account that I have always treasured because, in the past, all the suns of the Renaissance have shone in Lucentio's six words, 'the pleasant garden of great Italy'. Still, it was a happy night; I have rarely brushed up a classic to more advantage than in the Paduan 'nursery of arts'—and crafts.

Classically, and vocally, it has been a brimming week. In the first instalment of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' (Home), by Dickens and Lefeaux, Donald Wolfitt's Pecksniff assumed a kind of oiled voice that slid along on castors. We knew, also, what Dickens meant when he said that Pecksniff's 'very throat was moral. You saw a great deal of it'. No one can have pronounced with more magnificent unction the names 'Chuzzlewit' and 'Spottletoe'; and 'O Mammon! Mammon!' was throbbled out into the empyrean. There was a joyful colloquy between Pecksniff and the Montague Tigg of George Hayes, with the voice that 'goes upstairs' intermittently, on a note like a leaping globule. 'Very swagging and very slinking', says Dickens of Tigg; and Mr. Hayes has discovered the swagger and the slink. If the other eleven-twelfths correspond, this will surely be a major serial.

After Chuzzlewit and Tigg, 'Aucassin and Nicolette' (Third) seems to be away over the rim of the world. In René Hague's version it came to us, as from a distance, across a vast gulf of years, a wistful-sweet, tinkling memory of 'two lovers, children yet'; high-romantic, and, in the battle of apples and eggs and cheese at Torelore, crazy in the high-craziness of folk-tale. Delicately done, with Marius Goring to tell the story, and Douglas Cleverdon to produce it, this was another brushed-up classic that will do more than flick the memory. I cannot say that of 'A Yank at the Court of King Arthur' (Home), the old and never very hilarious Twain joke, freely adapted ('What is this—a retake of "Henry Five"?') 'Oh, boy!' says the Yank, 'this dream's getting mighty difficult!' Oh, boy, you've said several mouthfuls!

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Critic on the Carpet

SEDENTARY at my cheerless hearth with the much-publicised 'scattered shower' playing five-finger exercises on the windows, I ought to be grateful to have under my feet the B.B.C.'s magic carpet which weekly transports me, or tries to, to the most improbable places. Last week it whisked me to Saqqara, which when I was young used to be spelt Sakkara, and kept me there for an hour examining what has so far been excavated of the hitherto unknown pyramid of the Third Dynasty discovered nearly two years ago by Dr. Zakaria Goneim, the Egyptian archaeologist who is Chief Inspector of Antiquities there. Leonard Cottrell, who is a friend of Dr. Goneim and has spent several weeks recently at Saqqara with him, wrote and presented the programme, entitled 'The "New" Pyramid', which included conversations with Dr. Goneim and other matter recorded on the spot. The Third Dynasty dates from 2780 to 2720 B.C., so Mr. Cottrell and Dr. Goneim between them jumped me backwards a matter of 4,700 years or so, a leap which, one would think, must easily have burst the time barrier. But there was no perceptible bank and I enjoyed this enthralling broadcast with nerves unshattered and imagination greatly stimulated.

It's a far cry from Saqqara to Liverpool and it was with some surprise that I found myself there two evenings later, the more so that the magic carpet had already landed me there not a month ago and so I had assumed that I would not be called upon to do Liverpool so soon again. True, last time it was 'The Great House', namely the cathedral, that I was shown, but that involved more than a glimpse of the city as well. However, there I was again, involved, this time, in 'an informal tour' lasting an hour. Visiting Liverpool in person I would have regarded an hour as a very inadequate allowance. At a pinch it might have done for the docks or the cathedral which, the only time I saw it, consisted of no more than the impressive Lady Chapel. But the magic carpet by its so potent art can make an hour seem a very long or a very short time, and this hour seemed to me a very, very long one.

The trouble with the tour, in fact, was precisely its informality. It was, as somebody said of life, 'just one damned thing after another'. Never before have I been entertained to such a gargantuan feast of facts and figures. Some of the facts were not only interesting in themselves but vital details in the individuality of Liverpool: others contributed nothing to it and consequently had no more effect than to blur the others and, by their sheer multiplicity, water down the impression which the programme ought to have produced. I wasted valuable time, for instance, in a wash-house which had nothing essentially Liverpoolian about it, and the surprising information that somewhere in the Liver Building the offices of a football-pool firm employ 2,600 girls and a total of 17,000 persons brought me no closer to Liverpool than to London or Birmingham. In short, the monstrous accumulation of detail choked my memory, crippled my imagination, and turned me out with no impression whatsoever of the individuality of the great city.

I know well enough that to present a significant impression of a huge town in spoken words is a fiendishly difficult job. It requires an infallible eye, ear, and nose for essential details and a poetic imagination which can weld those details into a coherent and satisfying form, and it would be unfair to hold up the word-picture of Blenheim as an example of success to those who failed with Liverpool. Liverpool is a complicated and sprawling theme, Blenheim a simple and compact one—a single building, all of it of one period. Nevertheless to give an impres-

sion in depth, by which I mean in time and space, of a house such as Blenheim requires an eye for essentials and a careful blending of visual description and historical details and just enough of them and no more to create a clear and individual impression and leave it unclouded at the end. This is what the four visitors to Blenheim very effectually did.

Ernest Jay is an excellent reader. Last week he gave several short extracts on the Home Service from Arthur Weigall's 'Laura Was My Camel' which I found extremely amusing.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Happy Birthday

IT HAS BEEN a week of celebrations. On the Tuesday the Proms celebrated their sixtieth birthday—or, to be exact, the anniversary of the opening concert of the first season fifty-nine years ago. Wisely, no attempt was made to reproduce exactly the programme given on August 10, 1895, though Tuesday's concert began appropriately enough with the 'Rienzi' Overture, the first work heard at a Queen's Hall Prom. The rest was a programme after Sir Henry Wood's heart. First came Vaughan Williams' tribute to Wood on the occasion of his jubilee in 1938, the lovely 'Serenade to Music, in which, as Mr. Howes has well said, the composer 'presents us with the essence of music in music'. For this performance, given *con amore*, no less than ten of the original soloists were available.

New music from earlier Proms was represented by the present chief conductor's early essay in composition, 'Impression on a Windy Day', a very effective piece of musical description, and Kodály's 'Háry János' Suite, which contains one of the best jokes in music. At least, there are few things that make one laugh aloud every time one hears them, as does the absurd burlesque of Napoleon. I was sorry to miss my laugh on this occasion, duty calling me to 'Martha' on the Third Programme. But I was able to hear the pianist of the evening, Mark Hambourg, who must be the senior surviving soloist of the Proms still in action, exulting in the bravura of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, with his well-known dash and vigour. One might have been listening to the seventeen-year-old Leschetizky pupil of 1896.

Later in the week the Proms celebrated the seventy-fifth birthday of John Ireland, Mr. Hambourg's junior by just ten weeks, with performances of the Pianoforte Concerto and the cantata, 'These Things Shall Be'. The concerto is probably Ireland's finest work on a large scale. A pianist himself, he has found in that instrument the best medium for expressing his individual thought. And in the concerto there was ample opportunity for exploiting his resourceful craftsmanship in pianism—an aspect of the work to which Eric Parkin's thoughtful performance hardly did full justice. But I must add that on this occasion reception of the Third Programme, which has not otherwise been seriously affected by the temporary reduction of power at the transmitter, was exceptionally bad. The cantata suffers from the woolly-minded, though honourable, aspirations of its text. Ireland is no prophet, and just after Vaughan Williams in the Fourth Symphony and Walton in his Symphony, had uttered their awful vaticinations, Ireland was blandly waving this old poem about Peace in our Time.

Not that Walton's Symphony sounded its full warning in last week's performance, which was lacking in the requisite tension and excitement. A younger symphonist, Norman Fulton, was more successfully presented by Maurice Miles, who conducted the first London performance of the Sinfonia Pastorale—a light-weight work,





## FINDING THE WEAK SPOT...

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more dance-suite than symphony, but agreeable to the ear and just the thing for the second part of a Prom programme.

Of the two operas presented last week, Flotow's 'Martha' made the more enjoyable listening. With a first-rate caste of German singers and with Philip Hope-Wallace as *compère* communicating with artful breathlessness a sense of excitement (as well as of fun) to the narration of the story, the old piece sounded fresh and charming. It has what the example of Spontini's earnest endeavours broadcast on Saturday conspicuously lacks—a fund of engaging melody.

'Agnes von Hohenstaufen' is, no doubt, a more 'important' work. It is, to borrow an expression from the Paris Salon, a vast historical *machine*, though its history is extremely inaccurate. The historical Agnes was the granddaughter of Frederick Barbarossa. The veracity of the story would matter nothing, if its presentation were made reasonably interesting by the composer. But Spontini here shows no powers of characterisation, so that one could not tell one person from another, and no gift for summing-up a dramatic situation in a significant phrase. There were plenty of stodgy military marches, but not a vocal melody worth

considering. The only gleam of light came in the wedding-scene in Act II, where there was an attractively written ensemble. The Florentine Maggio has exhumed some strange corpses this year, and this was surely the dearest of the lot. 'La Vestale', in which Spontini used a theme from a forgotten opera by Gluck, or 'Fernand Cortez', which lays claim to be the first historical grand opera, is more worthy of revival than this last laboured product of Spontini's never very vivid imagination, save the mercifully abortive 'Milton's Death and Repentance for the King's Execution'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Foreground of Schönberg's 'Gurrelieder'

By HANS KELLER

The 'Gurrelieder' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.55 p.m. on Wednesday, August 25

OSCAR LEVANT was an ear-witness at that ceremonial dinner at Harpo Marx's Hollywood home when Schönberg, the honoured guest, was politely asked by Fannie Brice what hits he had written, 'and after dinner she kept coaxing [him] with "C'mon, professor, play us a tune"'. Schönberg's reaction is not recorded, but he might well have mentioned, and played from, the 'Gurrelieder'. After all, they were an immediate 'hit'—if immediate is quite the word, for the first performance (1913) took place ten years after this 'secular oratorio' (Erwin Stein's title) and most of its instrumentation had been completed.

The actual and potential popularity of Waldemar's love songs, 'So tanzen die Engel' (No. 5) and 'Du wunderliche Tove!' (No. 9; the last of the 'love' group), of Tove's love song 'Nun sag ich dir zum ersten Mal' (No. 6), and of the song of the Wood-Dove (No. 10) expressed itself in their separate publication, and the appeal of 'Nun sag ich dir' was wide enough to arouse Berg's fury: he ascribed it, not to the beauty of the song, but to its syncopations and diminished seventh chords (so often misused as cheaply popular devices), and rejected the sudden applause of Schönberg's detractors.

At the first performance, Schönberg had established a precedent for his pupil's pride. For while, during rehearsal, he forgave the first horn player who tried to attack him with his instrument ('I refuse to play this kind of music'), he reacted less graciously to the enthusiasm of the public. The audience rose at the climactic C major chorus, 'Seht, die Sonne', and remained standing till the end (128 bars), whereupon unending shouts of 'Schönberg!' filled Vienna's *Grossen Musikvereinssaal*. The composer was eventually discovered in the gallery and dragged on to the platform where, however, he merely bowed to the conductor (Franz Schreker) and the orchestra, and disappeared without noticing the audience.

It seems, then, that Schönberg could forgive his enemies, but not his new and provisional friends who forgave him for sins he regarded as virtues. For we must not forget that, in the meantime, he had 'broken through the confines of bygone aesthetic principles' (his programme-note for the 'George' Songs of 1908) and had composed 'Pierrot Lunaire' (1912); by 1913 he was well on his way to his 'silent period' (c. 1915-23) from which the twelve-note method emerged. Thus, the *première* and success of the 'Gurrelieder' came pretty late in the day; the first dodecaphonic steps were taken as early as December 1914 or January 1915, in a sketch for a projected symphony whose last part grew into 'Die Jakobsleiter' ('Jacob's Ladder'). Composed between 1915 and 1917, this oratorio

remained unfinished because Schönberg thought it would be his last work.

With tragic irony, the historical influence of Schönberg's later development has produced a devaluation of the 'Gurrelieder': the one characteristic which is regularly pointed out nowadays is their 'post-Tristan language' with its 'vast' orchestration—the one thing, too, which even an unmusical listener can hear for himself. Besides, in what other idiom could a twenty-six-year-old Viennese conceivably have written what I would call a 'concert opera' at the turn of the century? What is less obvious to the layman is the uncanny technical mastery of a young musician whose education had been confined to a few months' counterpoint lessons.

Least obvious, however, are the individual means of expression employed in the work: they point straight into Schönberg's future. Assuming that the history of composition tells us more about music than the chronology of idioms, we may profitably turn from the Wagnerian background to the Schönbergian foreground of the 'Gurrelieder'.

I think that the key to Schönberg's entire output lies in three fundamental character traits: his 'horizontal' (contrapuntal) ear, his aversion to simple repetition, and his truthfulness. Within the first eight bars of the prelude, his horizontal urge has established itself: the opening chord of E flat with its added sixth turns out to have a horizontal impetus, in that it proves the vertical exposition, as it were, of the ensuing first trumpet motive. The same horizontal force is latent in the opening chords of the twelve-note Piano Piece, Op. 33a (1932) or of the dodecaphonic-tonal 'Ode to Napoleon' (Op. 41, 1943). This 'unity of musical space', as Schönberg came to call it when he raised it to the status of a twelve-note principle, can be heard throughout the 'Gurrelieder'; so can, of course, his contrapuntal thought itself which, in the concluding C major chorus, combines the utmost complexity with the most immediate effectiveness.

Again, is it not Schönberg's 'horizontal' attitude that is responsible for his solution of the age-old problem of melodrama? Instead of trying to accompany his speaking voice with discreet harmonies, he makes a virtue of its textural heterogeneity by utilising its contrapuntally, by strict melodic organisation of rhythm, relative pitch, and dynamics. In the melodrama preceding the concluding chorus, the *Sprechstimme* can be observed *in statu nascendi*; despite their notation, the pitch relations are not yet defined, and the true speaking melody puts in only an occasional and shy appearance, but rhythm and—by textural implication—dynamics are already determinate and firmly integrated.

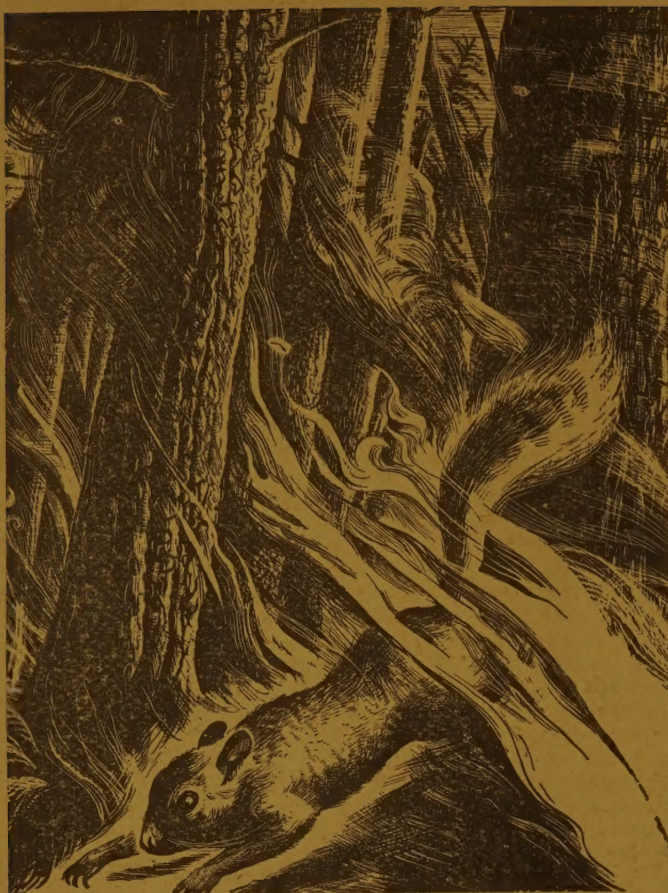
Schönberg's characteristic contractions and thematic metamorphoses are the result of his disdain for self-evident repetition and (together with his polyphony) the cause of his complexity: 'I'm not a simple man', as he said to Gershwin. Nor was he a simple boy. When examining the exposition of one of Schönberg's early quartet movements, the composer Richard Heuberger remarked: 'You're starting with the development. What are you going to do in the development?' At the beginning of the prelude to the melodrama and chorus, each of the two basic motives immediately appears *in stretto*, yet this is only the slow preparation for the climax of the work. Indeed, although the 'Gurrelieder' cannot be called a symphony by any modern stretch of the term, they yield two parallel symphonic developments: the interlude after 'Du wunderliche Tove!' and the postlude after the song of Klaus, the Fool (No. 5 of Part III).

Schönberg's passion for development was one of the forces which impelled him to ever freer rhythmic variations of melodic motives and thence towards his serial techniques. Some of the rhythmic variations of the 'Gurrelieder' renounce the customary metrical proportions of even the freest augmentations, diminutions, or rearrangements of rhythmic particles, and thus open the way to the yet more pronounced pre-serial approach of the D minor Quartet, Op. 7 (1904-5).

That the 'thorough-thematicism' (as I have tried to call it) of the 'Gurrelieder' is a correlate of Schönberg's developmental drive and a precursor of the note-row is clear to the ear; that it is also an aspect of his truthfulness (to thine own theme be true) will be plausible to every artistic mind; unity is a moral question. Even the scoring (somewhat reduced in Erwin Stein's arrangement which will be heard on Wednesday) assumes at times thematic significance, e.g. in the orchestral sound of Tove's first song (No. 2). The 'vast' orchestra shows its futurity where it tends to function as a collection of chamber orchestras; its chief purpose is to present chords or passages in homogeneous textures.

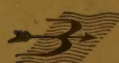
In 1903, in the middle of the song of the Peasant (No. 2 of Part III), Schönberg interrupted his work on the orchestration; he resumed it in 1910. The stylistic difference is plain, especially from Klaus' song onwards; the later Schönberg emerges, insisting on thinner textures, solo instrumentation, sharply contrasting colours, and the subtlest gradations of sound; the instrumentation becomes not only the instrument, but an element, of polyphony. What holds these different styles together is their common nature—their absolute truthfulness. There are no 'effects' except for the effects of structural causes.





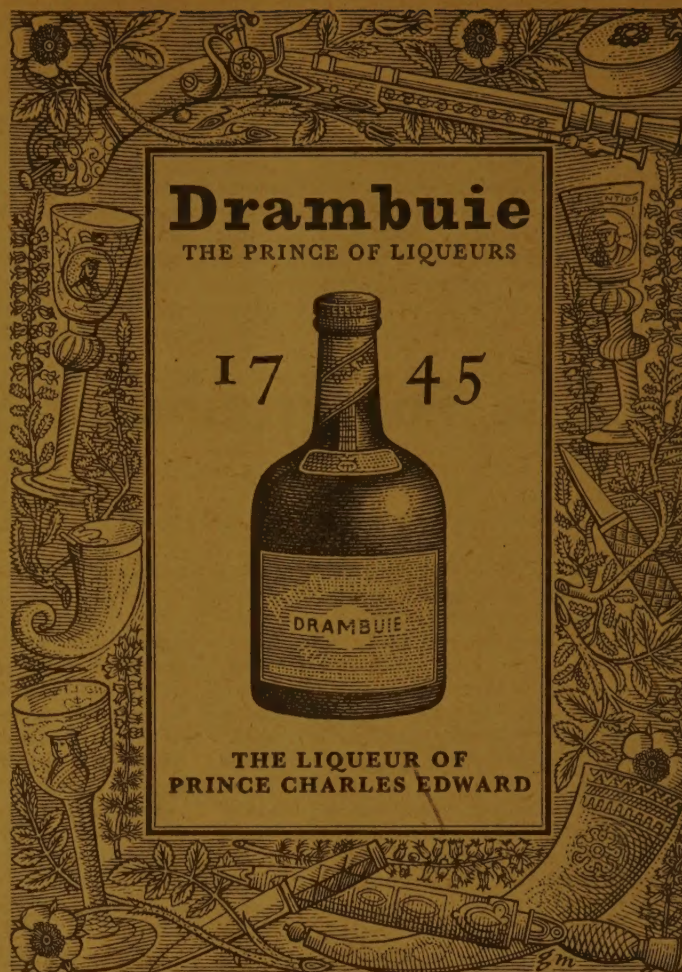
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## For the Housewife

## 'Melons are Plentiful'

By LOUISE DAVIES

**P**ROBABLY the best-known melons on sale now are the honeydew, the water-melon, and the cantaloup type. The honeydew is the one that is the shape of a rugger ball. Generally, it is green, but there are a few yellow ones. The skin is ridged and hard. Inside, it is pale green, rather transparent and—if it is in the right condition—sweet and juicy.

Water-melons are round, with smooth, shiny green skins. If you do not know them, they will surprise you when you cut them, because inside they are bright red, with large, black seeds. They are very refreshing, particularly if they are served chilled.

The cantaloup type is flattened top and bottom, and has distinct sections, rather like a small pumpkin. It has pinkish flesh inside, not, I think, a first-class flavour, but sweet and juicy.

Among the lesser-known melons, for a delicious flavour, very sweet, try the sugar melon. It is oval, greenish yellow, with a fairly smooth skin. Do you know the tiger melon? This is round, slightly sectioned, and has mottled markings on its skin. Its flesh is deep orange. If you can afford it, try this one; you will find it has an excellent flavour. There are several other kinds, including a good variety of English melons. These are very good quality indeed, but not nearly as plentiful as the imported melons I have mentioned.

When choosing melons, it is very important to have them not over-ripe, but ripe enough, because only then do they have their full juiciness and flavour. I would advise you to go to a

fruiterer you can trust and leave the choice to him. Tell him when you want to eat it, and complain bitterly if he gives you one in the wrong condition.

If you have a refrigerator, wrap the whole or cut melon in waxed paper or a plastic bag and leave it to chill for an hour or so. Usually, melons are served with caster sugar, or—though this is an acquired taste—powdered ginger. Other recipes suggest diced cantaloup with stem ginger; melon balls scooped out with a potato cutter; water-melon sprinkled with grape-fruit juice; or a slice of red water-melon with a slice of green honeydew, garnished with mint leaves.

Now to turn to a more thrifty subject—the salting of French beans (which can be left whole) or, more usually, scarlet runners (which you slice). It is important to see that they are fresh and tender. The instructions for salting—which you will find in many books—are extremely simple. Briefly, you press down alternate layers of salt and beans into glass or stoneware jars. But there are a few pitfalls for the beginner, so note the following: for every 3 lb. of beans you need 1 lb. of kitchen salt. Less salt than this will not be sufficient to preserve them, and they will go slimy. More will make them too salty. Do not make a rough guess: weigh out 1 lb. of salt to 3 lb. of beans. The recipe calls for kitchen, or cooking, salt, and it really means it. Free-running table salt is not suitable.

When you are packing the jars, be sure to press the beans down firmly. And begin and end with a layer of salt. Do not put the jars

away until they are really full. After filling a jar, wait for about four days, when you will find that the salt will have turned to brine, and the beans will have shrunk. Then fill the jar up again with more beans and salt, again ending with the layer of salt, and cover tightly.

—Home Service

## Notes on Contributors

C. J. HAMSON (page 267): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University; author (with T. F. T. Plucknett) of *The English Trial and Comparative Law*

T. I. EMERSON (page 269): Professor of Law, Yale University; author (with David Haber) of *Political and Civil Rights in the United States*

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RUSSELL MEIGGS (page 278): Fellow and Tutor in Ancient History, Balliol College, Oxford; editor of *Bury's History of Greece*

R. M. JACKSON, LL.D. (page 281): Reader in Public Law and Administration, Cambridge University; author of *Machinery of Justice in England*, etc.

NEVILLE CARDUS (page 286): London music critic of *Manchester Guardian*; author of *Ten Composers*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,268.

## Alphabetical Inserts—III

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 26

The puzzle consists of twenty-six circular lights of five, six, or seven letters, all running clockwise. They are clued by words 1 to 26 containing one letter less than the corresponding light and the lights are obtained by inserting

another letter, a different letter being inserted each time. The positions of the inserted letters are indicated by dots in the relevant spaces. The positions of the lights are not given, but, to help fix them, all the twenty-two radial lights which do not contain an inserted letter are four-letter words (27 to 48) clued normally. Radial lights clued with an R run from the centre circle outwards, the others running inwards to the centre circle. The word formed from 10 is hyphenated (see *Chambers's Dictionary*), two accents in a radial light are to be ignored and one circular light is a well-known U.S. geographical name.

## CLUES—CIRCULAR

1. 'And pined by 29 for my lovelier' — Macaulay (4)
2. Observed with a penny four miles W. of Devises (4)
3. Percolate, and comprehend for the most part (4)
4. Source of wealth for me (4)
5. A fragment in this clay pipe is twisted (4)
6. Thaumantias does not quite finish the race (4)
7. A Greek lyric poetess has no lodging for her (4)
8. About half a gallon but may be more (4)
9. The French wheel to the north for a French city (4)
10. Sheltered from an ornamental shrubby plant (4)
11. Spenser's language sounds heavy (5)
12. Plastic substance found in the Indian Empire since early times (5)
13. Such thoughts disturb a side (5)
14. Strip a musket or whet a scythe (5)
15. Storm, organ-stop, or generation (5)
16. Leather strap confining a hawk's wings upsets the balance (5)
17. Make a case from a bit of harness (5)
18. Use habitually in practice (5)
19. Put on a twist of silk or cotton (5)
20. A fox can get up to such tricks when he loses his brush (5)
21. Intertwining a cord for fastening (6)
22. For the author of *Dodo* the author of 'Sejanus' loses a Forsyte (6)
23. A mystic, upset after 10, finds himself one of the U.S.A. (6)
24. Semi-metallic ringing sound (6)
25. Spotted nothing less than one of the discoverers of insulin (6)
26. Most painful, so take it easy (6)

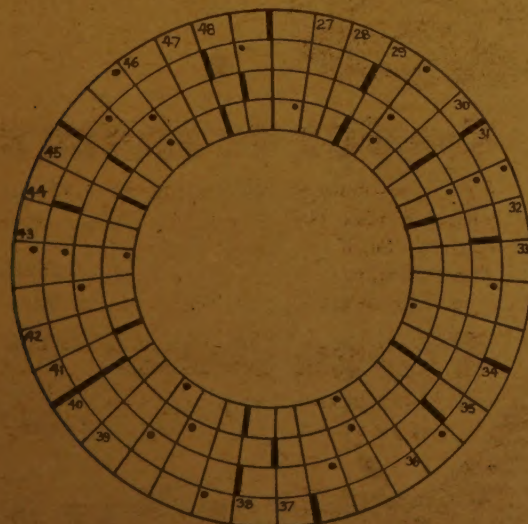
## RADIAL

- 27R. Accustomed to be left high and dry when disturbed
28. Foil in the alternative title for 'Iolanthe'
29. Resonate perhaps with I (q.v.)
- 30R. State of confusion characteristic of the western half of a country in Peloponnesus
31. It forms part of a religious or solemn ceremony
32. A riotous night in Paris for this single person
33. The usual form of the natural function is metaphorically unprepossessing
34. Consists of false representations
- 35R. A scamp gives up his last pound to waste time
- 36R. Denry Machin with an Italian mathematician
37. Cophetua's was described as lovesome
- 38R. Lizard monster that turns up in a lighthouse
- 39R. Liberal with stuff for builders
- 40R. Grant conditionally and be around for native zinc sulphide
41. Foundation for game
- 42R. Brassica grove in Pennsylvania
43. This sucker is a crimped fabric
44. A high spot featured by Joe Loss and his Orchestra
45. A Spanish wine or shelter maybe, but here clear of all charges
46. Vex, but not quite enough to involve in confusion
47. Scott's titular heroine who also appears in 'Guy Mannering'
- 48R. What's left after topping and tailing quickly

## Solution of No. 1,266

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 8 | 4 |
| 1 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 2 |
| 8 | 2 | 0 | 7 | 3 | 0 | 5 |
| 9 | 1 | 8 |   | 5 | 0 | 5 |
| 0 | 6 | 3 | 7 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| 5 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 0 | 7 | 7 |
| 7 | 4 | 7 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 0 |

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. W. Gothwaite (M'rsfield); 2nd prize: H. P. Clegg (Manchester, 13); 3rd prize: Miss M. O. Hardy (Bury)



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